New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Housing in London
by Audrey Harvey

★

A.J.P. Taylor
on Trotsky

★

William Empson
on James Joyce

★

A Night in the Harem
by Lois Mitchison

Comments on the Week's News . 850
The 40-hour Week 853
London Diary. Critic 853
This England 854
Unhappy Families. Audrey Harvey 855
Woman's World. Jean Sampson . 855
A Good Home. J. P. W. Mallalieu . 856
A Night in the Harem. Lois Mitchison 858

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Lyon's Share. Tom Driberg . . . 860
Old Hands. William Whitebait . . 860
The Rose Presented Twice
David Drew 860

CORRESPONDENCE

Ruth Butterworth, A. Fred Mpanga, David J. Raymont, Patrick Hutber, T. H. Elkins, Richard A. Lauder, Margaret Cole, Mollie C. King, Theodore Melville, John Berger . . 862

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Alone in the Vast Landscape
V. S. Pritchett 866
The Unpredictable
Thomas Blackburn
Winter: South Africa. Ruth Miller 867

REVIEWS

Laying Joyce Bare. William Empson 868
Caged Lions. A. J. P. Taylor . . . 868
Sermon on California.
Walter Allen 870
Explorer in Myths.
Jacquetta Hawkes 870
New Novels. V. S. Naipaul . . . 871
Shorter Reviews 872
Week-end Competition 872
City Lights. Taurus 874
The Chess Board. Assiac 874

Comments on the Week's News

The Printed Word

Readers will appreciate that this issue of the NEW STATESMAN has been produced in difficult circumstances. This is the fourth dispute in the printing industry since the war. In two of them, the publication of most periodicals was suspended. In the other, the national newspapers were closed down for a time. But there has never been a stoppage which disrupted general printing, and it is difficult to estimate the consequences of the present dispute. It will, of course, do a good deal of damage, both financially and in terms of goodwill, to magazine and book publishers; advertisers, too, will feel its effects, especially if the flow of prepared advertising copy to the daily press gradually dries up. The losses could quickly run into millions of pounds. But we are still so dependent on the printed word that much trade could be affected within a matter of days. Foodstuffs, dry-goods, industrial products of all kinds, are now packaged in elaborately printed cartons: few firms carry stocks to last more than a week or two. Before long, manufacturers will be unable to dispatch their goods abroad or to shops at home. Public notices, official documents and business circulars will not be printed: thousands of public occasions, from the village fete to political meetings, must go without publicity, and there will be no tickets available for cinemas, theatres and dog-tracks. And those who follow the pools on Australian football will be without their coupons. As one adds to the list, it becomes clear that we are facing a dispute which can cause harm and inconvenience far beyond the bounds of the printing industry — and out of all proportion to the issue at stake within it.

Whose Fault at Geneva?

Mr Bevan is oversimplifying matters in attributing the blame for the deadlock at Geneva entirely to the West. Certainly the West cannot escape a heavy share of the responsibility. The prospect of a successful conference began to decline immediately after Mr Macmillan's return from Moscow, during his series of visits to western leaders. Under pressure from Mr Dulles, SHAPE and above all Dr Adenauer (backed by President de Gaulle), his disengagement plan was progressively watered down, vanishing entirely at the Washington conference of western foreign ministers. Indeed as a result of this conference, the western delegates, unable to agree on 'fall-back' positions, went to Geneva with only a narrow field of manoeuvre and burdened with their impracticable 'package'. Since the present conference began, continued evidence of disunity in the West — Franco-German suspicions of Britain, the Selwyn Lloyd affair, Adenauer's abrupt change of mind and, finally, de Gaulle's ultimatum to Nato — have encouraged the Russians to take a more intransigent line. At the same time it would be incorrect to say that the West wanted the conference to fail: on the contrary, there is probably more desire now for a Summit conference than at any previous stage; and to achieve it western delegates have dropped broad hints that they would be prepared to open the package and negotiate separately on Berlin — on one condition. This is Soviet recognition of the western right to maintain a permanent 'presence' in Berlin. Unfortunately it is this recognition that Mr Gromyko has at all stages refused, and there seems little doubt that the Russians — like the West — have allowed themselves to become entrenched in this unyielding position by pressure from their German allies. Geneva has revealed the essential paradox of central Europe: the greatest obstacle to German reunification is the Germans themselves.

Trouble in Kerala

Indian government forces are reported to have entered Kerala at the request of Mr Namboodiripad, the able Communist Premier of Kerala, who has now also invited Mr Nehru to visit his state. In the troubles that have arisen, he has the law on his side and is in a position to demand the support from Delhi that any non-Communist state government would expect to receive if it faced a Communist or communal rising. Mrs Indira Gandhi, who was recently in Kerala, reported some irregularities and Communist party bias in the administration. But there is probably less to criticise in the way of corruption or nepotism in the present government of Kerala than there was in its Congress predecessor, or than there is still in some other state governments. The dispute about education, which is still largely in private (mainly Catholic) hands in Kerala, was the first source of trouble; the energetic Catholic Archbishop outdoes the Communists as an organiser of demonstrations, marches, pickettings and all the apparatus of non-violent agitation. Opposition to the government's Education Bill, which would have increased state and, under the present regime, Communist influence, in the schools, led to the Bill being held up for constitutional examination in Delhi; it was duly amended. Thereupon the private schools, which fear being compelled to use Communist textbooks and appoint Communist teachers, refused to keep open. A second source of agitation is the government's proposed Agrarian Relations Bill which would redistribute much of the land into smaller holdings, and lay the foundations for state control over agricultural development. The result has been the creation of a conglomerate opposition which is described by the Kerala Prime Minister as 'communal'. Riots have occurred, many people, including police, have been injured, and in the north 11 demonstrators are said to have been shot dead by the police. Congress in Delhi seems to have made its uncomfortable choice between backing a Communist government which it detests and approving a type of agitation which can be used effectively against the Congress in other states.

De Gaulle and the Workers

By threatening a one day 'warning' strike on Tuesday, the French railwaymen finally broke the industrial truce which has persisted since the establishment of the Fifth Republic. The significance of the event was increased by the fact that all three unions (Communist CGT, Socialist FO and Christian CFTC) acted in conjunction, the agreement to act being signed at FO headquarters, under the portrait of Léon Jouhaux. While the three groups have cooperated locally in recent years, this is the first time since 1947 they have taken a top-level decision together and issued joint strike-notices. (Even last May, at the height of the coup, the FO refused to act in conjunction with the CGT.) There seems, indeed, a distinct chance that this joint action may not be confined to the railwaymen; already, spontaneous gestures of solidarity have been made in other sectors, notably among the metalworkers and in the Paris transport system, and it may be the new unity will soon be extended from the industrial to the political sphere. No doubt it was from fear of this that M. Debré reacted so sharply. In point of fact, the railwaymen have a very good case for an increase, and their strike-threat can hardly be construed as a threat to national security. Nevertheless M. Debré did not hesitate to apply the ordinance of 7 January 1959, which deals with the organisation of national defence in an emergency, and issue call-up papers to 200,000 railwaymen, coupled with the threat that these would be strictly enforced. Though the constitution of the Fifth Republic specifically guarantees the right to strike, the extremely wide interpretation Debré has placed on the ordinance makes the guarantee virtually null null and void. The unions had therefore to transform the dispute into an open trial of strength between the French working class and the new regime or to hold their hand. For the moment they have chosen the path of caution.

Hola's Conspiracy of Silence

Writing before the debate on the Hola atrocities, we do not know what further disciplinary measures — if any — are to be taken against the senior officials concerned in this disgraceful incident. But it is already clear, merely on the evidence of the White Paper published last week, that the steps so far taken — preferment of disciplinary charges against the commandant and his deputy — are totally inadequate. Indeed, as the Paper shows, the secondary charges against these two men are in contradiction with the Coroner's observations. Sullivan is accused of 'gross dereliction of duty' in that he 'gave misleading information concerning events which had occurred at the said camp' to Campbell, the Deputy Commissioner of Prisons and Small, the Under Secretary of Defence. A similar charge is made against Coutts. The Coroner's report, however, devotes six pages to a careful consideration of the evidence available to Campbell at Hola, which he checks with the terms of Campbell's report. In no less than eight instances, he finds that Campbell minimised or suppressed information available to him, (apparently for the purpose of concealing the true causes of the deaths); he also notes that Campbell made no attempt to verify such information as he was given. Nevertheless, though grossly misleading, Campbell's report on the deaths contained sufficient reference to violence — described in such terms as 'minor scuffles', 'slight bruises' — to cast an unpleasant light on the behaviour of the Governor of Kenya and members of the Kenya government. For, when they met at Government House on 4 March to consider what statement should be issued to the press, Campbell's report formed the basis of their discussion. Despite this, Lincoln, the press officer, was instructed to draft a handout attributing the deaths to contaminated water, and containing no reference to violence. Though Lincoln himself, who claims that he did not see the report, may plead ignorance, there is no such defence for the Governor and his ministers against the

charge that they wilfully suppressed information on what the Coroner terms a 'subject of this gravity and acknowledged importance to the public.' In view of this, the secondary charges against Sullivan and Coutts — men of small importance, without friends and allies in high places — are a mockery of justice.

The ETU Conference

No one expected the leadership of the Electrical Trades Union to meet much effective opposition at the annual conference in Bridlington last week. About one-third of the delegates were members of the Communist Party or reliable fellow-travellers: another large group was made up of well-intentioned but confused rank-and-filers who find it difficult to weigh up the competing allegations of the leadership and its critics — and who can be manipulated by clever use of the rule-book and by appeals to 'loyalty' and 'unity'. In these circumstances, the conference was easily kept under control by the platform, which has far more resources at its disposal than can be mobilised by the poorly-organised rebels. The voting at Bridlington, therefore, cannot be taken as an acurate measure of rank-and-file opinion on the controversies which have racked the ETU in the last two years. It would be equally wrong to regard the decline in voting at union elections — noted by Mr Blair, one of the main critics from the floor — as a sign that public criticism is having a damaging effect on union morale. On the contrary, it suggests that the voting in the branches is now being more carefully scrutinised, and that branches where irregularities have taken place in the past are now returning more realistic figures. If the campaign against the ETU leadership has so far had no other practical result, it has undoubtedly helped to make ETU elections rather more honest. There were, moreover, few opportunities at Bridlington for proper debate on the disputed issues. One or two attempts were made to raise them, but they were ruled out of order or put down. The most revealing debate was that on relationships with the Labour Party. While the CP line — a combination of formal support and verbal abuse — narrowly carried the day, there was clearly a good deal of backing for the outspoken criticism which came from Labour Party members. No doubt Mr Haxell and his colleagues feel satisfied with their week's work. But it may not be so easy for them to win the coming elections as it is to get through a conference dominated by their supporters. Even if, as expected, the leadership's own inquiry into the malpractices alleged against it proves to be a piece of whitewashing, more and more branches are beginning to realise that some very strange things have been going on in the union. The Communist response is a whispering campaign to suggest that the critics are merely disappointed careerists.

News from our own Correspondents

NEW YORK

On the Run

Connoisseurs of the subject can hardly remember when a presidential campaign has gotten off to as early a start as the contest of 1960, which is moving along briskly a good 14 months before the party conventions. One reason for the rush, of course, is that the cast of campaign characters has had to be almost completely replaced. Gone from the stage are such familiar figures as Eisenhower, Taft, Kefauver, Harriman, Stassen, and possibly Stevenson, leaving the competition more widely open to newcomers than it has been in many years.

Another explanation of the early excitement is that among the Democratic hopefuls the fresh faces — Humphrey, Kennedy, Symington, and Johnson — are not those of governors but of senators, who can afford to get down to campaigning earlier and more volubly than their competitors in the state houses. With a handy sounding-board available for broadcasting their views on national and international issues, senators are expected to be vocal on such matters, and they are also free to dash around the country building up their candidacies, all on the innocent pretext of senatorial business. A governor, on the other hand, who books speeches beyond the border of his state, or who takes to making pronouncements on disarmament or China, is sure to be charged with subordinating his proper duties to a lust for the presidency. He will do these things in the end, of course, but he has to wait discreetly until the last moment, usually the late spring of an election year.

This circumstance has always existed, but what gives it importance now is an historic shift in the focus of the voters' interest. For then first time, except on the eve of war, foreign policy is not just an necessary nuisance and a secondary issue, but the country's prime concern. People want a candidate who they have some reason to feel can deal with Mr Krushchev, preserve our alliances, and keep hydrogen atoms in hydrogen, where they belong. Inevitably the Senate is regarded as a better training ground for such purposes than an executive mansion in Sacramento, Cal., or Columbus, Ohio. Of the 35 Democratic governors, only two were conceded a chance for the nomination to start with, and both have been all but eliminated. Governor Williams was badly hurt when his state treasury was nearly bankrupted in the Michigan recession, and New Jersey's Governor Meyner is thought to have snuffed out his chances by telling a National Press Club audience that all he knew about foreign affairs was what he read in the papers.

By way of contrast, Humphrey was first taken seriously when he returned from his marathon talk with Krushchev, Symington has made defence his strong suit, Johnson is promoting a law code for outer space, and Kennedy sounds off constantly on Poland, Algeria, India, and others spots not hitherto regarded as promising sources for votes. Between the two Republican contenders, Nixon has an advantage on this score, what with his official journeyings, and he is probably counting heavily on his forthcoming tour of Europe. But Rockefeller, too, before he became Governor of New York, was identified as a foreign policy figure.

Strictly speaking — much too strictly — nobody is even a candidate at this stage of the game, when coyness is the proper pose and disavowals are the rule. But Kennedy and Humphrey are building up their campaign personnel, preparing for primaries, raising funds, and beating the bushes for delegates. Lyndon Johnson, who repudiates all suggestions that he is running, bobs up improbably at political meetings in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. He is doing his best to persuade the country that Texas is really part of the West, which is good for a nominee, rather than the South, which is hopeless. And already the first deal of the campaign is believed to have been struck — between Speaker Sam Rayburn, a power in Texas, and Harry Truman, not exactly a power but a highly popular figure in the party. Rayburn favours Johnson and Truman is for Symington, but each will accept the other's choice if he can't have his own. If this report is true — and it seems very well founded — once Johnson's boom has run its course, the entire Southern delegation will swing to Symington, who will enjoy, in addition, the support of several Northern city machines and such further strength as Old Harry can swing.

ROBERT BENDINER

MOSCOW

Krushchev and the Writers

Our Moscow Correspondent writes:

Krushchev's call on Soviet writers to reconcile their differences will undoubtedly have a profound influence on the literary politics that go on in and around their Union headquarters on Vorovsky Street. How much damage has been done to Soviet literature by the backbiting and bickering that has gone on since the pendulum swung sharply back from the extreme position it reached in 1957 is something the non-professional reader cannot know for certain. All he knows is that things had reached such a pitch that it was possible as late as last autumn for a novel as odious in tone and partisan in intention as *The Yershov Brothers* to be hailed by certain critics as a masterpiece.

Krushchev dealt as mildly with the Kochetovs, Safronovs and other militant anti-revisionists as he did with those writers who, he said, had taken the 'knee-high view' of Socialist society. The former had done a good job in their time but must now learn to be tactful; the latter had evidently also wanted to help the party ('Dudintsev has never been our enemy and has never been against the Soviet system' (Applause). Now the struggle was over. The angels of peace were on the wing. Scars were healing. Writers, he hinted gently, should leave it to the party to bare shortcomings. After all it was not they who had prompted him to report to the 20th Congress on the consequences of the personality cult, something he had done in order to focus the attention of the people on the new ('To prevent a repetition of the grave mistakes of the past it was necessary to lay bare completely the shortcomings that had taken place, so that the musty smell should evoke disgust at what had outlived itself'). He himself was entirely on the side of those writers 'who show the life-affirming power of the new, its triumph over the old'.

One of the most interesting angles of this speech, delivered to the delegates of the 5,000-strong Soviet Writers' Union at their congress in the Kremlin, was the broad hint Krushchev gave that neither the party nor the state wished to bear the onus of deciding what should and should not be published. The easiest way is not to print anything at all; then there would be no mistakes and the man who forbade the printing of this or that work would seem very wise. But that would be foolish.' The writers should solve

their own problems in this field, taking care not to hit their own men in the battle.

Had it not been for this temperate speech the congress might have closed on an ineffectuel note. Surkov's report had obviously been chewed so long and by so many that it was a gutless affair, pleasing none and raising no seriously debatable points. But two contributions to the discussion stood out from the ruck. Alexander Tvardovsky, the courageous editor of *Novy Mir*, called on writers to become genuinely aware of their responsibility to themselves. He himself, he said, considered as immodest and conceited those writers who declared their intention of serving their country with their pen, and he spoke scathingly of writers who readily undertook to answer 'for literature as a whole, to guide it, to manage it, to direct it'. A writer's work will only be worth anything if he can honestly tell himself: 'That is the way I want to write it, that is the way it should be written'; and Tvardovsky suggested that Soviet writers might do well to set as their example the selflessness and noble disinterestedness of the great masters of the past. 'Write as your conscience commands . . . and do not be afraid in advance of editors and critics.' It is to be noted that this writer's call for 'better' rather than for 'more' ('What need have I of "700 plays written during the period under review"? It would be enough for me to have seven good plays which I would want to see over and over again') was taken up specifically by Krushchev.

The other outstanding contribution to the congress came in the form of an article published in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* by the ailing Konstantin Paustovsky, who touched upon several aspects of Soviet writing with which foreign readers are familiar — the sickeningly sweet happy endings, the reluctance to write of suffering, the sham heartiness. 'We are lucky that Leo Tolstoy managed to write *Anna Karenina* before this tradition appeared. He could allow Anna to break up her family and pass out of life from purely private and, consequently, impermissible, considerations'. The writer who tries to combine service to half-truths with service to himself cannot exist in literature, wrote Paustovsky, adding: 'Perhaps we shout so much and so loudly about truth in literature exactly because we lack it.'

Finally — and no one writing modern Russian has a better right to say so — Paustovsky made a plea for the protection of the language, which, he wrote, was being increasingly soiled, twisted, and reduced to a garble, an impoverished and lifeless language of bureaucratic red tape. 'We defend the narrow conception of contemporaneousness forgetting meanwhile that the salvation of the Russian language is a task not only contemporaneous, but also urgent, immediate, and absolutely necessary for our country and our people. The language is being turned into a jargon from top to bottom, beginning with the newspapers and radio, and ending with every minute of our everyday life . . . Nearly all the national languages are being groomed down to the level of maimed Russian'. And in conclusion Paustovsky too pleaded for an end to petty tutelage and old quarrels. 'We must, at long last, stop calling friends enemies only because they tell the unpleasant truth. Two paths face the congress: consolidation, or the destructive road of disagreement.'

Within a day or two it was Krushchev himself who was posing the same alternatives. 'What do I call for?' he asked, 'the fanning of passions in struggle or for conciliation? My answer is: for the unity of forces on the basis of principle.'

WESTMINSTER

Time for Tact?

Nobody was green enough to imagine that the increased grants announced in the House of Commons by Mr Geoffrey Lloyd, the Minister of Education, amounted to a settlement of the church school problem. Because the increases are approved by the leaders of all three political parties and by the great majority of their parliamentary followers, it is now less likely that religious controversy will raise its ugly head at th next general election. Those candidates who feel that their seats might be won or lost by the activities of religious pressure groups and those who, for more reputable reasons, would hate to see religious conflict brought back to the hustings are profoundly grateful for this small respite. But the negotiations which have led the present proposals and the atmosphere which they have created have produced apprehensions which the House was unable to conceal.

Under the proposals, the existing grants for church schools will be raised from 50 per cent to 75 per cent and, in addition, a 75 per cent grant will be available for the grammar and technical schools needed for the continued education of children now in church primary schools. These proposals are strongly opposed by the Free Churches, who consider that the Education Act of 1944 should be regarded as a final settlement; and at the other extreme they are no more than acquiesced in by the Catholics who, ideally, would like a 100 per cent grant for all church schools approved by the Minister but who have been prepared to settle, at any rate for a generation or two, for a 75 per cent grant for all church secondary schools. As they will only get the grant for secondary schools needed for children in existing primary schools and get no grant at all for other schools which may be needed to cope with the ever-increasing numbers of Catholic children, it is virtually certain that new demands will be forthcoming before so long. When they are, there will be trouble.

During the present negotiations the Free Churches have begun to use the pressure tactics which the Catholics have used effectively for some time. Virtually every individual nonconformist church in each constituency has written to its MP protesting against any change in the 1944 Act. Free Church leaders have addressed meetings in the House. Free Church members have formed themselves into an all party group to make their representations to the government. They knew that they were fighting a losing battle, but they hoped at least to limit the grant to 65 per cent and to prevent any extension of it to schools not covered by the 1944 Act. They have failed on both counts and are deeply distressed by their failure. If in a year or two, the Catholics come back with further demands, the Free Churches and MP's who support their view will not be content to protest, and leave it at that, as they may do this time. They will undoubtedly launch a strenuous and diehard opposition inside and outside parliament, and in that they may well be joined by the Anglicans. If that happens we shall be back in some of the worst days of politico-religious bitterness.

What are the rights and wrongs? There is a case in principle for the abolition of all church schools, a case in one sense strengthened when the 1944 act, for the first time, specifically insisted on a daily act of worship and religious instruction in all schools. But in fact this principle was abandoned when all churches agreed or acquiesced in the perpetuation of the dual system under the Act. The acquiescence was due mainly to a realisation that the Catholics, as a matter of conscience, would never give up their schools and that, unless grants were made out of public funds, these schools would inevitably become slums because the church out of its own resources would never be able to bring them up to the standards envisaged under the Act. No one was happy at the idea of some half a million children being educated in permanently sub-standard schools.

But once the principle was conceded, it seemed illogical that it should not be extended to new primary schools needed to cope with an expanding Catholic population. Indeed, since Catholics pay their rates and taxes like anyone else, there seem nothing in logic against a 100 per cent grant for all church schools, primary and secondary, wherever in the opinion of the Minister the size of the church school population justifies it.

It is clear, however, that this matter from now on is not going to be treated logically. Passions are becoming aroused; and however convinced Catholics and others may be of the rightness of the Catholic case, minorities do well to remember that it may be wisdom to press for something less than their full rights. No one, least of all a Catholic, wishes to see Britain become a religious Notting Hill.

J. P. W MALLALIEU

FLEET STREET

Palace and Press

Buckingham Palace, often accused in the past of being altogether too stuffed shirt in its handling of the press, has launched what looks like being the biggest combined operation in the history of Royal press relations to make sure that the current visit of the Queen and Prince Philip to Canada gets the right sort of publicity. Ever since that odd incident at the Chelsea Flower Show when a garden sprinkler near which Prince Philip was standing suddenly took it into its mechanical head to drench two press photographers without anyone so much as laying a finger on it, relations have been rather strained.

Moreover, this incident revived other memories which those at the Palace concerned with press relations prefer to forget and with most of which, it so happens, Prince Philip was associated in some way — his talent for charming those he meets has never extended to press photographers, or even to a good many run-of-the-mill reporters. There was the occasion, for instance, when he threw nuts at — or perhaps to — the photographers who were taking pictures of him feeding the monkeys on the Rock of Gibraltar. Even more pertinent to the success of the current visit, were one or two incidents during the last royal tour of Canada, memories of which have just been revived for the Canadian public by *Macleans magazine*. In a slightly ominous pre-tour feature this best-selling Canadian magazine, after speaking sharply about the out of-date propaganda idea that Canadians want glamour, excitement and mystery from the Royal tour to relieve the

tedium of their dull little lives, accused Prince Philip of last time contriving by 'deliberate machinations' to prevent photographers for days at a time from getting 'even passable pictures'. 'Even in the Arctic wastes', it added coldly, 'Philip showed a magnificent disdain for writer and photographer alike'. Nor did it conceal its opinion that although the press had covered up that time and done faithfully by the legend of Prince Charming, there was no reason to suspect that it was in the mood to do so again. Memories have also been darkly revived of a reception at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal when, after keeping pressmen lined up to be presented waiting over an hour, the Prince gave two or three perfunctory handshakes, snapped 'I've seen all this group before' and stalked out, leaving the Queen to go it alone and take the chill out of the atmosphere as best she could with a private word and a smile for each of the seething ladies and gentlemen of the press, who had been summoned to the reception and whose job it was to present the romance of royalty to their readers.

There is, indeed, no good disguising the fact that relations between Prince Philip and ordinary working journalists, the men and women who actually have to write the stuff editors think their readers want to read and take the pictures they think their readers want to see (and who are usually at least as bored by it all as Prince Philip himself), have been getting progressively worse for some time.

This is far from being true of the Queen herself. She is universally respected by the press corps as someone who not only goes to great pains to do a difficult job with professional skill but recognises that others also have a professional job to do and helps them as much as she can. Not is there any such feeling about Princess Margaret, who, on the whole, accepts the tribulations of her public position with good humoured nonchalance. And it is emphatically not the case with the Queen Mother. She is the favourite royalty of the working press, and especially of the photographers. She has obviously gone to considerable trouble to understand their problems. She understands and sympathises with their requests. She treats them as human beings who have an essential job to do within the current pattern of royal activities.

The now mutual hostility between pressmen and the Prince has been developing for some time. Though no more than a mention of it has crept into the public prints here, the reasons for it have been extensively transmitted by the journalistic grapevine to newspapers on the other side of the Atlantic. They have been busy making it known that whatever may happen in effete old Britain no one pushes American and Canadian newspapermen around with impunity. Since the centrepiece of the present tour, the opening of the St Lawrence Seaway, is a Commonwealth-American public relations enterprise on the largest scale and at the highest level, this genuine atmosphere of suspicious watchfulness by a considerable part of the press, which is otherwise only to anxious to give acres of space to the visit, has naturally caused some considerable pondering in official court circles. There is more reason for this, as there is already sufficient minority criticism of the tour, its cost, purpose and usefulness, among a number of fairly vocal groups in Canada, for it to be clear to everyone that there is no margin for mistakes.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The 40-Hour Week

THE printing dispute has now become both complex and embittered on both sides: it may prove to be very difficult to reach a settlement before an unfortunate and costly trial of strength. But, in what appears to be mainly an argument about the level of wages in the industry, there is an important issue of principle. This arises from the demand, by the unions, for the 40-hour week — a demand that is going to be followed by similar requests from the electricians and the engineers, and may be endorsed by the TUC.

In previous years, the employers — backed by the government — have picked out one particular wage-claim as the ground on which to fight out the battle for the coming 12 months. Once an agreement was reached, say, with the railwaymen, for an advance of three per cent., then the other outstanding claims have normally been settled on much the same basis. Since several unions have indicated that they will be raising the 40-hour week demand in the near future, it seems that the printing industry has been chosen as the scene for this year's major engagement. Indeed, at an early stage in the dispute, the master printers told the unions that to grant their request would be to 'set a pattern for a general reduction of hours all round'. The printing employers, that is, have chosen — or been chosen — to hold the line in what is expected to be the first of a series of disputes about the length of the working week.

This means that the printing dispute must be seen in a wider industrial context, for any reduction in the working week has much greater repercussions than a straightforward increase in wages. So far as the printing industry is concerned, it would of course mean higher wages; a good deal of overtime is inevitable, and overtime rates would apply that much sooner. That is, in fact, the employers' main argument against the demand: they regard it simply as a disguised wage increase. But when the unions reply that they are genuinely interested in shorter hours, they are undoubtedly following a trend that has run through the last century of our industrial history, interrupted only by the labour shortages caused by two world wars. The struggle for the Ten Hours Act was one of the great social movements of the 19th century: its achievement helped to humanise the conditions of work and spur technical advance. Each important reduction of hours has had the effect of increasing efficiency, though each has been strongly resisted by industrialists, who have always argued that they could not afford it.

It is true that, in a period of inflation, men have been more than willing to work overtime. But, in the long run, it is perfectly reasonable for industrial workers to seek more leisure without a loss of earnings. They see that the five-day week has become normal in offices; they see that, in practice, the eight-hour day is coming to be accepted as a sensible work span — what suits shift-workers should suit most trades; and they believe that it is the responsibility of the employers to organise production so that output can be maintained. The counterpart of this demand, however, must be a willingness to accept the technical advances that follow from it, such as new machinery, new methods, automation and so on. Trade unions, today, cannot insist that they receive the fruits of 20th century technique and continue, at the same time, to cling to attitudes acquired in the class-struggles of the past. Industrial development can now be secured only by intelligent co-operation, not by ruinous knock-down fights.

British employers have been slow to learn this lesson, though there have been notable exceptions; and while they are obdurately advancing economic arguments which even Nassau Senior discarded in the end, they cannot expect the trade union movement to be convinced, or to put off its claims to the Greek Kalends. In the short run, it is always — in the employers' view, and in the phrase used by the master printers — 'against the national interest' to 'concede demands for higher wages and shorter hours. But, in the long run, these are one of the principal means by which industry is induced to modernise and improve its productivity: both the coal and cotton industries are object lessons of what happens where profits were maintained by cheap labour. The 40-hour week is bound to come, and it should come. How much better, though, if it could be achieved by common-sense agreements rather than by a run of disruptive and expensive showdowns between capital and labour.

London Diary

OPPONENTS of the H-bomb in the Labour movement have now forced the leadership to reopen the discussion officially ended at Brighton. So far, so good. But I advise against premature rejoicing. A decision to modify party policy has, in effect, been taken, and will probably be announced after consultation with the TUC next month. It is likely to take the form of the 'non-nuclear club' proposal, under which a Labour government would undertake to renounce the bomb — even if the US and Russia continue to make it — provided all other countries do the same. Thoughtful abolitionists already view this proposal with unease. For its implication is that, if other powers reject the offer, Labour will continue to make bombs. France has already made it plain, however, that she will reject such a proposal out of hand. Her motives in making the bomb are not merely to establish equality with Britain as a 'senior' member of Nato. The French government and General Staff now believe that, so long as the Algerian War continues to tie down nearly three-quarters of France's conventional forces, she must possess the capacity to strike with nuclear weapons. Short of a world-wide disarmament agreement, including conventional forces, the French are unlikely to budge. The new Labour policy, therefore, is based on a premise which can be disproved in advance, and if abolitionists accept it in this form, they will be playing straight into the hands of George Brown and his friends who — like Duncan Sandys — believe Britain must retain the bomb for purely military reasons.

* * *

Mr de Valera is not, I am glad to say, likely to follow Dr Adenauer in stepping down from the presidential stool on to which he has just promised to climb. He has dominated Irish politics ever since his electoral triumph at Clare in 1917. I have never discovered in him the fanatic who was so largely responsible for the terrible civil war that followed Britain's acceptance of defeat. He had already passed through that phase (and perhaps learnt to regret it) by the time I first went to see him after he came to power in 1932. He is an astute politician, whose object, if you judge by his

actions, has not been the much talked of 'development' of Ireland, but the creation of a small united independent country, Catholic, but if possible not too priest-ridden, keeping itself to itself and avoiding involvement abroad and civil war within. I don't think he would have made the mistake of taking Ireland out of the Commonwealth; he would have known that to do so was to build an insuperable barrier against unity with the Six Counties. I learnt a lot about him from a conversation in Dublin at the critical moment when the invasion of Britain through Ireland was daily expected and a couple of parachute spies were said, I believe truly, to have come down on Irish soil. I complained to de Valera about the censorship which at that time gave Irish papers a very pro-German slant. Irishmen, I pointed out, were simply not being allowed to know the terrible things Hitler was doing in Europe; they were not even aware of the dangers of invasion. He replied that if the papers had been free, Ireland would then already have been divided between the pro-Germans and the pro-British. Influential people would have written violent letters committing themselves one way or the other. As it was, if the Germans did invade Ireland, he would lead a united country against the invaders.

* * *

Lee Kuan Yew, like de Valera, has celebrated independence by abstaining from the conventions of royal ceremonial. De Valera pleased the Irish by refusing the oath of allegiance; Lee, putting first things first, spent the Queen's birthday in a very useful exchange of views with Federation ministers in Kuala Lumpur. We shall have many other such gestures from the remarkable group of young men who have taken power at the head of the PAP. Lee, the outstanding student of his year at Cambridge, cares passionately both about civil liberty and western literature. He likes good living, is an excellent companion on a pub crawl, and has been an enthusiastic golfer since his Cambridge days 12 years ago. He is also passionately Chinese, hates imperialism, and is determined to lead the workers of Singapore to economic prosperity as well as political freedom. I first met him one night in Singapore when he came in hot and rather bothered from a public meeting where his followers had taunted him because, they asked, if he realy meant all he said about independence, why wasn't he fighting with the guerillas in Malaya? So far he has proved himself right. The Communist rising has been crushed and he has won power and the substance of independence through the ballot box. The question now is whether he and his colleagues can deliver the economic goods. His economic expert Goh Keng Swee, also a brilliant graduate from the London School of Economics, has written an excellent social and economic study of Singapore; and the party chairman, Toh Ching Chye, also has an English degree and is a lecturer on physiology at Malaya University. Like Raja Ratnam, the new Minister of Culture, he is a reserved, rather academic man; he has particularly insisted on the PAP using the vocabulary of Chinese clan and family life to make Socialism intelligible to the Singapore masses. The puritanism of all these leaders is part of the new Asian nationalism. The Long Bar, picture papers with cheese-cake advertisements, dance halls and night clubs, like the exclusive golf club (now thrown open to the public), where Lee himself has played every morning — all these have become symbols of western decadence.

London is looking up. Here is the LCC belatedly deciding to spend £120,000 to save Sadlers Wells, making a special grant of £15,000 for improving it, freeing it from debt, and holding out a prospect of steady subsidy in the future. A small grant by continental standards, of course, but certainly a sign of grace. (In Germany, where even small towns have their orchestras, everyone assumes that music should be subsidised out of the rates and taxes and yet I doubt wheter the percentage of classical music-lovers is substantially higher than it is in this country.) Exciting, too, is Bernard Miles's achievement in getting the Mermaid Theatre going. Its success seems already assured. *'Lock Up Your Daughters'* is well acted and better sung, beautifully produced on a magnificent stage (a present from the Gulbenkian Trust) and it is sufficiently bawdy to satisfy even this, the most sex-conscious of all centuries. Mr Elidir Davies, the ingenious architect, has done a surprising amount with what once was a prison before it became a warehouse; the Top People across the road had certainly never seen its possibilities before Mr Davies turned its forbidding entrance into a sort of classic temple with scarlet fluted pillars. But the real point is that Bernard Miles and his friends are making something more than just another theatre. The whole building is livensed as a pub and has theatre licence hours as well. Just how many bars it has, I wouldn't like to say, but there is plenty of room to meet your friends for a drink. They tell me, however, that you have to ring a long time in advance to reserve a table at the restaurant at the back, which hangs over the river with a view down to Tower Bridge. Here is springing up a new type of entertianment centre in the very heart of the city.

* * *

There was enough driftwood at low tide in Puddle Dock, when I paid my first visit to the Mermaid the other night, to burn a handful of heretics at Smithfields. It was only a few weeks' accumulation, of flotsam (though not I suppose strictly jetsam.) Yet — and this is surely proof of social progress — there were no poor old women gathering it up in their aprons; no one was sorting out this legitimate tidefall to repair the floors or to patch up the hen-house. When Bernard Miles and Elidir Davies began work, there was an old barge in the Dock which belonged to no-one knew whom; it was inhabited by an old man who made a living by cutting up the driftwood and selling it for kindling faggots. It had to be moved when the building began and, I gather, he now carries on his occupation much further up the river where the authorities kindly towed him and his barge. He should be quite a good character for *What's My Line?*

ПРАВДА
We may safely accept that Comrade Krushchev has lately taken Comrade Gromyko's arm in a paternal grip, led him to one side and said: "Enough is enough."

Foxes, I know, are the devil, killing lambs, and decapitating a whole roost-full of hens just for the hell of it. Yet in our artificial society one's enjoyment in having wild things about one is so great that if I see a fox crossing the garden (which happens occasionally) my heart rejoices. How much more when, as last Sunday, a young brindled hare cavorted about the lawn and sat down to wash its front paws like a cat, just under my window. And yet I suppose hares are not strictly good for the garden, and if there were as many of them as there used to be rabbits I should not much regret their loss. Partridges again abound on the top of this Down and I suspect that it is they, even more than the pigeons (whom nobody loves), which eat the young lettuces before they have time to make salad. Yet we enjoy partridges in the garden almost as much as woodpeckers. Last week-end one of my farming neighbours was cutting the long grass I leave for hay. He came to me in some distress. He had, he explained, 'had the misfortune' to run his motor-mower over a partridge sitting tight on her clutch of 15 eggs. I should have expected him to be pleased. He had the partridge for supper and took away the eggs to put under one of his hens. If he is lucky, that will be another 15 dinners. And yet so illogical are we all that he, as well as I, felt there was something very distasteful, even inhospitable, about slicing this zealous mother in my garden.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Beside the Serpentine a ticket collector stared bleakly at a row of deserted chairs. 'Of course people do their courting in Hyde Park,' he said. 'Usually, it is the foreigners who go a bit far. English couples — well, they know when to stop.' In Green Park there is a different social atmosphere. 'People always behave themselves here,' said a chair man stiffly.—*Evening Standard.* (Michael Pearson.)

Three hundred people travelled 650 miles across Britain over the week-end in order to be storm-tossed around the Inner Hebrides. They were taking part in a special British Railways all-in excursion, offering 1,300 miles of travel by rail and steamer in 40 hours for £5 . . . Miss Gertrude Usher was not so impressed. 'There was nothing but scenery up there', she said on her return to Euston.—*News Chronicle.* (C. Gallehawk.)

A St Albans motorist, summoned at St Albans Divisional Sessions, on Saturday for a driving offence, was asked by a Police Inspector: 'After the accident, why did you raise your bowler hat to acknowledge the driver of the other car involved, when you did not know him?'

The motorist replied: 'The accident had caused the hat to become crammed down over my eyes and ears and — although it might have been polite to raise it to the other driver — I lifted it to alleviate my discomfort.'—*Herts Advertiser.* (H. H. Kane.)

'There are a lot of hotheads up there in Liverpool. A lot of mischief is being done by them. Why, there is one society that even sent the Queen a telegram: people that will do that will do anything.'—*Manchester Guardian.* (R. S. Jole.)

Some Soho newsagents had found that instead of charging 6d a week for advertising perambulators or daily helps they could charge 10s a week for prostitutes' cards. In one shop window he had seen 20 or 30 of these notices, but last Wednesday the blind was down and on it was a notice that this was at the request of the police because of the obstruction caused by crowds looking at the notices.—*The Times.* (J. R. Marsh.)

Unhappy Families

RACIAL disturbances in North Kensington have thrown a salutary light on the bad housing conditions which have helped to foment them, and will continue to cause biterness as long as the severe shortage of low-rented housing in London persists. Such housing can be provided only by local authorities, and this week's parliamentary debate was long overdue. Even so, few people realise either the extent of that shortage or the intensity of suffering which it entails. This aspect of the post-war housing story has been obscured by the impressive building figures for the whole country and by the sight of so many new blocks of council flats in London itself. It is a story not only of interminable waiting-lists but of a competition in hardship — a most sinister game of Unhappy Families.

For 11 years after the war the waiting-list of the LCC — far longer, naturally, than those of the borough councils — was run on a points system under which families were placed in categories A, B or C according to hardship. These placings, however, were not final. A family whose affairs deteriorated could move upwards to category A, reserved for urgent need. And it was from this very well-intentioned arrangement that the initial bitterness sprang.

Since, for example, extra points were awarded for the birth of a baby, babies were actually 'gone in for' with this in view, so that the scheme operated against couples who forbore to have children until they had somewhere to put them. One such couple waited for seven years in an insanitary basement, while another wrote to the LCC asking how many extra babies they must have to qualify for a decent home. So great was the hunger for homes that every value was inverted. Overcrowding became a condition to be cherished, and it was doubly sad if any member of a tight-packed family died since decrease in numbers might mean loss of points. Illness resulting from the seeping damp of old slum houses had a certain gruesome advantage, and so had mental disorders which rated a psychiatrist's letter. Tuberculosis was a certain winner. There was excellent points value, too, in the separation of husband and wife, whether due to lack of bed-space or expulsion by in-laws. And, conversely, those couples who succeeded in staying together found that their efforts were, as far as the LCC was concerned, pointless.

These unhappy results were not the fault of the system but of the shortage. Even so, the LCC seemed to its applicants not always fair and quite often ruthless. One family, for instance, obtained official permission to move temporarily from a slum house to an LCC flat to look after an old and ill relative. They were then held to have 'found better accommodation', although they only had two rooms, and were demoted to category B — so losing their chance of a home of their own after 10 gruelling years on the list.

In easier times an exception might have been made: but the start of slum clearance and redevelopment, prematurely ordered by the government, had long since put an end to leniency. The LCC, obliged to rehouse families whose homes it demolished, had been forced to abandon the principle of first-aid to those in greatest need. For a high percentage of families displaced by the creation of open spaces, by school building and road widening, or in the interests of architectural aesthetics, had been suffering no particular hardship and had not even asked to be rehoused.

If emergency measures had been taken to provide maximum accommodation — by government restriction on the growth of industry and office building in London, by building really high at an earlier date, by introducing differential rent schemes in council property with easier terms for house-buying, and by greatly accelarating transfers and exchanges — disaster might have been delayed, But by 1956 it had arrived.

Many borough councils had been forced by government cuts in subsidies and by high interest rates to stop building altogether; prefabs were due for demolition and houses for derequisition; the LCC's out-county estates were full; there was only an occasional vacancy (for men needed by industry) in the new towns; building sites in London were getting scarce; and almost all the available accommodation — not only new but old — was needed for the displaced families.

Something had to be done and something drastic was done. The LCC froze its waiting-list, which then stood at 165,000 families. And of the 53,000 familes in the urgent category it was contemplated that only 2,000 could be rehoused in the next three years. In fact — largely due to an increase in buying by overcrowded council tenants — it has been possible to rehouse about 5,000 families to date. But they have not been exclusively the worst cases. Owing to a terrifying lack of accommodation for the bigger families — only 20 five-roomed dwellings available in 1956 for 5,300 'urgent' applicants, only 100 with four rooms for 31,000 — many smaller families and childless couples have been able to jump the queue.

The situation to-day is most alarming. The waiting-list now stands at roughly 170,000; the familes have just been told that no better prospects can be expected for the next three years; and regulations introduced in 1956 have been adding to their disillusion. For, after that, their new hardships — such as adolescent sons and daughters having to share a room or parents and children a bed — were not even been recorded — only very recently has this been resumed. What is worse, the help of their doctors, who used to write 26,000 letters a year urging rehousing, has been drastically curtailed. Now such letters are discouraged except in cases of 'very serious medical condition aggravated by bad housing'; and altough, in 1958, these were coming in at the significant rate of 40 to 50 a week, only 250 had any chance of succes. One doctor stated that he could no longer be responsible for the lives of two delicate children they remained where they were — in a North Kensington hovel with walls like saturated blotting paper — yet they could not be moved. Such cases, agonising to parents, are of course most distressing to the LCC. Its problem is now overwhelming and cannot possibly be solved without vigorous government support.

The trials of London's unhappy families have been further increased by the Rent Act, decontrol quite apart. To take one example — an elderly couple with three rooms in a rent-controlled basement (with outdoor lavatory) managed after protracted form-filling to induce the landlord to patch it up. The rent now exceeds that of their friends with three rooms in a neat council flat. Another effect has been a complementary rise in the rents of furnished rooms, and one family (white) had their rent reduced by the tribunal from over £4 to 17s. 6d, were consequently evicted and are at this moment homeless.

It is only against this background, however inadequately sketched, that the bitterness of London's ill-housed families can be appreciated; and to a great extent coloured people are simply the scapegoats of it. Before their arrival in such great numbers, that bitterness was directed against the housing authorities, and it us ultimately on the head-in-sand government that the responsibility for much of the tension rests. Its scheme to encourage house-buying, good in itself, means that loans will still be made on the mortgage valuation, leaving the buyer to find the often prohibitive difference between this and the purchase price. It would help infinitely more if subsidy cuts were restored and if the LCC's endlessly frustrated plan to build a new town exclusively for its waiting-list could soon be translated into bricks. That it has not yet been begun, at a time when the property market is booming and when Mayfair agents report a 'steady demand for country houses with eight or ten bedrooms' for weekend entertaining, is a social anomaly which attracts curiously little comment. Meanwhile, not very far from Mayfair or for that matter Whitehall, a London family with five children — the father unemployable after an accident —is living in a broken down caravan with a bucket for a lavatory. They have been living like that, without any alternative, ever since 1954.

AUDREY HARVEY

Woman's World

'WHEN I was heart-whole and fancy free, I used to enjoy reading stories about girls going dancing and meeting Mr Right. Then I met Mr Right and got engaged. I changed to stories of brides-to-be and pre-wedding nerves. Now with a four-month-old son and a home of my own, I enjoy nothing more than a tale of a young wife with a family, fighting a losing battle with the weekly housekeeping and happier than she's ever been before.' This letter was written by a satisfied reader of *Woman's Realm*, to whom the woman's magazine is friend as well as guide.

The aims and functions of these magazines have been most explicitly stated by Mr James Drawbell, the managing editor of *Woman's Own*, which claims a readership of seven million. He wrote recently in *World's Press News:* 'Women have created a new and independent world for themselves and *Woman's Own*, which truly reflects their life, becomes an important and necessary part of it'.

It is a conventional world which is presented to the reader, and all the established virtues are extolled. Religion gets a regular column in all but one of the weeklies, and the religious pieces are written by clergymen. Some of the columnists also sometimes make a religious appeal. In one of her regular columns in *Woman's Day* Barbara Cartland recently wrote of a visit to an old people's home where she said to an old lady: 'I would like you to pray for me. Not just vaguely but for something I particularly want now. And would you also pray for a boy who is going in for a very difficult examination next week? It is taking place between 9 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. on Tuesday. If you would pray for him during that time I am sure it would help him'.

The Royal Family and the aristocracy are built up as institutions which embody the morality of the readers. The Duke of Bedford, for instance, writes an autobiographical series: 'Life with the Duke of Bedford'. The former Mrs Simpson writes on love: 'Love Never Dies' says the Duchess

of Windsor'. 'Secrets of Princess Margaret's birthplace' heads a series on the Bowes-Lyon family who have produced 'a succession of men and women to whom kindliness, self-sacrifice and a deep sense of public duty is almost a legend'.

At a more realistic level of behaviour, the readers have to decide for themselves whether or not to have a white wedding. The weeklies have no doubt that the traditional way is really the best. As is said of the groom in a short story: 'It wasn't the trimmings and the fuss and the preparation which mattered, but the things they symbolised and he was glad — glad he hadn't persuaded Leonora to slip away and announce the deed after it was done'. And as far as premarital relations are concerned chastity is always strongly recommended. 'He wants me to do wrong,' heads a letter from a young girl whose boy friend wants her to spend a weekend with him. Mary Grant in *Woman's Own* replied: 'Definitely refuse. I know you are in love and will find refusing difficult, but do be sensible'.

Such matters as nuclear energy, sputniks, moon rockets and other scientific developments which are transforming the world are seldom, even superficially, raised in the women's weeklies: when they are mentioned they are quickly put in their 'proper' perspective. Beverly Nichols, writing in *Woman's Own*, had this to say: 'Am I entirely alone in wishing the scientists would leave the moon alone? I like to think of the moon as a golden lamp, lit for lovers'.

In fact, the magazines put a frontier round this cosy and conventional country, from which the larger problems of the world are excluded. Their job is really to give a woman confidence in herself. In all departments of her life there is always someone to give advice and counsel. 'Whatever your problem Mary Moore will come to the rescue,' says the beauty specialist of *Woman's Illustrated*; and a reader of the same paper was given this comforting advice: 'If you are really flat, don't hesitate to wear a padded bra. You have nothing of which to feel ashamed'. The eternal struggle for beauty is a partnership in which both magazine and reader are involved. *Woman* announced 'a three-part campaign which aims to make you a beauty by the spring'. 'What modern miracle creams can do for you,' ran a headline in *Woman's Own*. 'Creams that incorporate the special "royal jelly" on which the queen bee feeds.'

Some of the magazines give advice on etiquette and how to overcome personality defects. 'This column will help you to meet those tricky social problems,' says Angela Talbot in *Woman*. There is help and comfort for everyone, and for those who feel that they have some peculiar disability ranging from freckles, or being too tall or too shy, to actual physical handicaps, are given hope of fulfilling their dreams. Fears based on inadequacies of this kind are often brought out in the short stories and serials. Why worry, implies a story in *Woman's Own*, when what seems like a social handicap might well turn to good account? After all, 'if she hadn't been born with long legs and an athlete's body she would never have met Martin at the swimming championships. He'd taken one look at her as she stood poised upon the high dive and decided that she would suit him nicely'. Miss Lonelyhearts is given hope.

The objective of all this advice is never for a moment forgotten: how to please the man, how to get him and how to keep him. The cleverest expression of this attitude is found in fiction, which occupies nearly a quarter of the reading matter in the weeklies. Here the reader enters into a dream world. The stories are, in fact, fairy tales for adults — de-sexed romantic love. But many of the stories express the real desires of the readers. 'She wanted to be in love and married like her younger sister Joyce, with several children and a nice little 20-years-to-pay home' was the wish of one heroine. And, of course, the hero is looking for the same thing. He wanted 'a small house with a garden, and inside, slippers in hand and dinner in the oven, a nice quiet, welcoming girl'.

It is not always a good thing to be intelligent and efficient. One hero learnt his lesson and then 'he longed with every nerve and sinew to be living with Dulcie again . . . Dulcie, who was all feminine wiles and tricks and who made him feel a hundred per cent male. If only he could find her in time before she became efficient . . . Sensing her gentle weight beside him he felt big and strong enough to battle for both of them'. Women's dependence on man is emphasised in the advice columns. Beverly Nichols gave a man's view: 'The only way a woman can really possess a man is by surrendering to him completely'.

In dealing with the role of women the magazines recognise that there is one inescapable problem — should married women go out to work? — and this is often discussed in feature articles and advice columns. A writer in *Woman's Realm* came to the following conclusion: 'By and large the advantages of a woman going out to work, especially to part-time work, outweigh the disadvantages'. Monica Dickens was even more forthright. 'Stay at Home Wives are Out of Date', ran the headline of her article in *Woman's Own*. But this point of view brought a sharp reply from a reader: 'Let us not look down upon the magnificent work carried out by so many thousands of women who make home their career'; and this probably represents the view of the majority of readers. Fiction often raises the problem — the wife who isn't quite satisfied with home and baby and dreams of the independent days in the office. But, finally, 'she knew at last that every woman is more than one woman, and marriage and motherhood the real fulfillment'.

Within their limited framework, women's magazines perform an excellent service. On the whole the advice they give is sensible and they no doubt help to bring colour and excitement to the lives of many women. But serious discussion of serious issues is seldom found and even then only on a very superficial level. Women's inferiority to men is an underlying assumption; it is within this framework that they must fulfil themselves. Women are never regarded as citizens who are equally responsible with men. The reply given to a reader of *Woman* perfectly sums up the philosophy. She wrote to ask 'of achievements we have over men in what is considered their world' and was told: 'Well, most women can't be bothered with the trivial world of men which appears to be occupied most of the time in devising bigger and better ways of blowing itself up'.

JEAN SAMPSON

A Good Home

BERTIE Wooster once explained his reluctance to take part in hunting and shooting by saying that his instinct on seeing a rabbit was to offer at a bit of lettuce. This instinct, which I share, has been an embarrassment to me since I went to live in the country as the smallest of smallholders. The seven acres surrounding my house are good pasture land, ideal for raising beef and, since raising beef is one of the few agricultural pursuits which requires little trouble or skill, our obvious line was to buy two or three calves, and fatten them for market. But the idea had no sooner raised itself than it was suppressed. We knew that the calves would become household pets and that none of us would have the heart to send them for slaughter.

Yet we could not afford to leave either the land or the farm buildings idle; so we bought a Guernsey cow and, when a friend offered us a weaner sow which had lost an ear in some gangfight and had then been thrown out of the litter, we gave her a home too. Our theory was that we could postpone any thought of the cow's execution for a good many years and that we could also keep the sow permanently to give the children a sense for animals. This theory, though no doubt sound, was limited by the fact that unless it has calves a cow will not give milk and that spinsterhood simply does not suit sows. Hence we soon found ourselves saddled with a dairy calf and a dozen piglets. We could stand a calf or two — we've now got three — but we'd soon be overrun by pigs. We just had to sell them as weaners, litter by litter, consoling ourselves for the loss of their company by the thought that they would go on living until the pork or even the bacon stage and we should not know when their end was near. This has worked fairly well except, of course, that we have lost money on each transaction; for the one certainty in this uncertain industry is that when you are buying, prices will be up and when you are selling they will be down. But now we face a further problem. The one-eared sow is growing old and because she eats far more than we do, and at least as well, we cannot keep her.

Naturally all my neighbours who live by the country give me advice. 'You've got to be tough about animals', said the landlord of a nearby local, holding up a mink which he had just shot in his henrun. 'It's no use being softhearted', said a farmer. One old cow had produced seventeen beautiful calves for him but, because temporary restriction on imports from Ireland had put up home prices, he had sent her into market as beef and netted £75. 'I hope I don't get any of her for my Sunday joint', he said. 'I believe in killing all useless animals', said another farmer as he rode off to the hunt. It all sounded so sensible and businesslike; but I find that even my neighbours do not live up to what they preach.

One exceptionally cold morning I called in that nearby local just after opening time and was surprised to find a farrowing sow having her litter in front of the stove in the public bar. 'It's too cold for the old dear outside', explained the landlord. So much for toughness. I find that the farmer who sold his cow for beef has a 45 year old pony which has not worked for years. Every morning the farmer has to lift it to its feet because it suffers from rheumatism. So much for hard-heartedness. I know for a fact that the hunting farmer throws dead chickens into his fields to keep foxes alive during the winter; and as for his hunt, I have heard that the Master usually brings his own fox in a sack, recaptures it at the end of the day and takes it home again in the same vehicle as the hounds. I do not think the last part of this story can be true, however, for the hunt never catches anything and when the Master looses a fox from a sack, the net result is to increase the local fox population by one.

Oddly enough, the man in our village who is most kindly to animals was the one who finally gave me the courage to sell our one-eared sow. As pigman to a farmer, he was told to drown a dillon from one of the litters, for it is a rule of farming that it never pays to rear anything which is born weak or undersized. But looking at the red and shivering little pig, the pigman was moved to pity. 'If you don't mind', he said, 'I'll take this home. My missus has just had another nipper and she can look after two as well as one'. So he took the dillon home and his wife fed it on the baby foods supplied through the welfare state for her own latest child. The only difficulty was that the rules of the local council forbid tenants to keep pigs. This difficulty was usually met by pushing the piglet into the backyard and turning the wireless up whenever the rent collector knocked; and once, when he called unexpectedly, the pigman's wife hurriedly wrapped the dillon in a shawl and went through the motions of unbuttoning her blouse. The rent collector, though country

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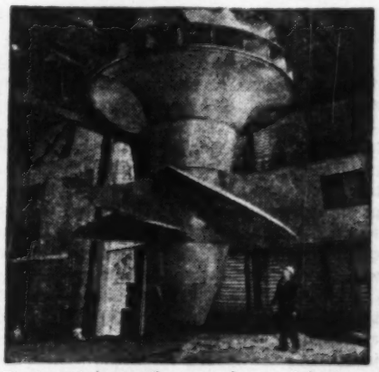

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born and bred, was young and seemed too bashful to look closely.

However, some weeks later, when he met the pigman in the road, the rent collector said: 'By the way, how much did that dillon of yours fetch in the market?' This so surprised the pigman that he, for once, blurted out the true figure; and it surprised me. 'How on earth', I asked, 'could you bring yourself to sell that pig? It must have been like a child to you.' 'Ah well', said the pigman. 'My wife's just told me that we're going to have another baby and can't cope with the pig any longer. And as we've got 14 children already, we shan't miss the pig so much.'

At that we sent our sow into market. But my wife was foolish enough to watch the sale and when she saw the stump of an ear and heard the friendly, recognising oink, she burst into tears and bought the old girl in.

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J. P. W. MALLALIEU

A Night In The Harem

THAT afternoon in Afghanistan I was very glad indeed to get into a harem. I had been travelling by bus from Kabul to Kandahar, and the second day out of Kabul the bus had broken down in a small, muddy town which had the only beggar I ever saw in Afghanistan. It was cold after India and had been raining steadily ever since we left Ghazni. Most of us from the bus crowded into a tearoom furnished with wooden benches, and a chimney that smoked back into the room. In here, for the first time in Afghanistan, I felt uncomfortably conscious of my face. The European diplomats' wives in Kabul move about the town unveiled, although mostly they do not get out of their cars; but otherwise every woman in Afghanistan, when I was there, wore a veil outdoors covering her from the top of her head to her ankles. Even the western wives of Afghans wore this veil, and so did the Afghan girl I met coming home from a Geneva finishing school. I was unveiled, and in the towns outside Kabul people were curious about me, but normally they remember that no good Moslem looks directly into a woman's face.

In the bus I had a corner seat, and the other passengers, all men, had taken ostentatious care not to touch me or let their clothes rest on mine. Most of them were middle-aged, very kind and very curious about what I was doing in Afghanistan. The two I knew best were a carpet merchant, and an Afghan judge who wore the whitest robes I have ever seen and carried a small pearlhindled revolver in one of his pockets, as well as a long curved knife hanging from his belt. The carpet merchant spoke a little English that he had learnt in Quetta, but otherwise evervone spoke Persian, and they tried to teach me Persian words. I knew how to ask for tea, bread, salt, and scrambled eggs at the teahouses the bus had stopped at.

I was travelling first class on the bus; and before this breakdown I had not seen much of the second-class bus passengers. They were more crowded than we were, and separated from us by a wire-netting fence down the middle of the bus. We had the front half and we had wooden benches to sit on. The benches were arranged in a square, and the best position, so the merchant told me, was not in a corner of the bench like me, but sitting on the bundles in the middle, as this was safer when the bus crashed. The driver and his mate had the two front seats. The mate's job was to jump out of the bus while it was still moving, and put wooden blocks under the wheels. We had no brakes and we had passed on the side of the road the remains of several lorries where the driver's mate had not been quite fast enough with his wooden blocks.

All the same we had not crashed, but our back spring had broken in a stream flood bed running across the road, and the nearest spare part was four hours back in Ghazni. As we got out of the bus I lost the merchant and the judge, and they were not in the teahouse. But sitting at the next table to me was a policeman — somebody afterwards said that he was in Persian police uniform, not Afghan. He was the smallest man I saw in Afghanistan, and he had a black, three-day stubble of beard. He looked directly at me, passed me a cup of tea, and indicated in sign language helped out later by two words of English ('tomorrow' and 'bed') that we should let the bus go and spend the night together at the teahouse. I pretended not to understand, and then shook my head, and stared at my teabowl. Someone in the teahouse shouted at the policeman, and beckoned me over to another bench close to the fire, but the policeman went on smiling at me and making signs with his fingers.

Altogether I was very glad to see the judge at the door beckoning me out. We went down a lane, and through a door in a mud and plaster wall into a large, bare room. There was the carpet merchant, a few other passengers from the bus, and a man who, the merchant told me, was 'the district officer, almost'. Everybody was sitting on cushions round the sides of the room and I was offered a cushion too and another bowl of tea: black tea without milk or sugar. As soon as I had drunk it, my host's small son made me follow him through another gateway into an inner courtyard with rooms opening onto a beaten-mud, rubbish-filled centre. This was the women's quarters. There were, I found, an oldish woman, my host's first wife, a younger woman, also a wife, another girl of almost the same age — the first wife's daughter — and a maid. The women pulled me into their biggest room, and we sat down opposite each other giggling. We were sitting on the floor, but it was a much more comfortable and better furnished room than the men's hall. Our floor was carpeted, there was a stove smoking through a central chimney, a big bed with brass knobs, and several trunks covered with white, flower-embroidered cloths.

The women were wearing full, white cotton trousers coming down to their ankles, and over them flared-skirted, woollen dresses. They looked at my clothes, and seemed particularly interested in the material of my green tweed skirt. I looked at their clothes, and clucked admiringly too. At this, the older woman opened one of the trunks and pulled out a length of brown woollen tweed, some very old copies of *Vogue*, and a large pair of scissers. They pointed to my skirt, and to one of the photographs in *Vogue*, and I understood I was to cut out a dress for the daughter who was to be married soon. Their material must have come the whole journey from India, and I am not quite sure how I explained that I was afraid of ruining it. I had a Persian phrase book with me but it was not very helpful, most of it being instructions to hotel keepers, customs officers and coachmen. I think in the end they understood though, and were not offended.

The maid brought in tea, everybody giggled some more, and we played whist for an hour. Just before it got dark it stopped raining, and I took a group-photograph of the family in the courtyard. It took some time, as the women changed their clothes and put on silver necklaces and earrings, and my host and his small son were called in from the men's hall to join the family pose. After the photograph they stayed with us for supper. This was eggs fried in butter and large flat slabs of unleavened, Afghan bread. All the others ate neatly with their fingers; but, after watching me for a minute, the older woman felt under the bed, found a tin spoon and fork, wiped them on one of the trunk cloths, and gave them to me to eat with.

After supper the maid brought round a jug of water which she poured over our hands to let us wash, and we all sat nearer the stove. The maid fetched a sort of guitar and sang a very piercing, romantic sounding song, and then the women urged me to sing too. This like dressmaking is something I can't do, but I tried a line of 'Green-sleeves', which somehow seemed appropriate, and everybody giggled again. Personally I had got tired of giggling, and so probably had the Afghan women, but it was the best way we had to show friendliness.

The oldest woman, my hostess, showed me that I was to sleep next door to the sitting room, and then she pulled blankets off her own bed and piled them on me until her husband stopped her. I found I had a bathroom of my own opening out of the bedroom, but the difficulty was that I was not sure what was the lavatory and what was the washing part. There was a pail of water, a brass pot of water, and two holes opening out onto the street. I was also worried about when the bus would go in the morning, and everybody just nodded vigorously when I said 'bus' and 'Kandahar'.

Next morning we had bread, milk and curds for breakfast, and I tried to find out about the bus again. Kind though my host and hostess were I did not want to spend much longer in the harem. I was very bored with giggling, I had finished my only book, and the way the wives and daughter spent the morning was playing more whist. I tried to teach them first of all Bridge, and then, as that was too difficult, Old Maid. But my phrase book Persian was useless for explaining card rules. Once during the morning the maid went out draped in her veil, but the other women made me understand that they only went out for a great emergency.

The harem had been a comfortable place to break a journey, and had I had another detective story, or known more Persian, or even if we had all been able to stop giggling for a time, I should have been even sorrier to leave it. Is it was, when the bus did go that afternoon, the corner seat which the merchant and the judge had kept for me seemed hard and particularly jolting. I was glad, though, to see that the policeman had not got back into the second class. The merchant told me he was happy that there had been a 'safe' place for me to stay the night, and then he started to scratch, and then the judge did, and then most of the rest of the passengers including me. All of us, in the various places we had stayed at had been bitten by bed bugs in the night. Even the driver scratched hard with one hand while he kept the other on the steering wheel. All through the evening we itched and scratched, and each time I scratched, everybody nudged each other, grinned, and giggled. I had to giggle back, and then we all giggled in unison. It was very friendly, but a little tiring. I wish there was some cheerful international substitute for the giggle which denotes goodwill.

LOIS MITCHISON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Lyon's Share

DESPITE slight inconvenience to those who rely on the *Radio Times* and *TV Times*, I wish that the networking of programmes could be more flexible. This is obviously, for commercial and technical reasons, more difficult for ITV than for the BBC to attempt: the BBC could surely, therefore, get an edge on its competitor more often by picking up for the network some topical item from one of the regions; adequate notice of changes can be given in trailers and evening papers.

An example of such a change was the networking last week of *Scottish Press Conference*, in substitution for a repeat of one of the *Living with Danger* series (which was televised less than a year ago and, being on film, can and, I hope, will be shown some other time). This *Press Conference* was first-rate live television; and one had the feeling that even the men shown in the cancelled film — constructional workers on high buildings — hardly had a more formidable task than the journalists chosen to interview Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, Lord Lyon King of Arms.

Every now and then a perfect subject for television — both for unrehearsed interview and for close camera-work — arrives on our screens with an irresistible impact: three obvious examples are Dame Edith Sitwell (in John Freeman's *Face to Face*), General Horrocks (though his appearances are painstakingly rehearsed), and Brendan Behan (in the famous 'indiscreet' interview which first made him a national figure). Brain and character are more important for this purpose (*vide*, also Harding, G.) than conventional good looks; and it was evident last week that, as a 'TV personality', Lyon King of Arms (referred to, both by himself and by his interviewers, as Lyon) is Scotland's answer to Harding and Horrocks.

He is an elderly man with a lean, clean face and a look both shrewd and slightly fey. His markedly Scottish voice is slow and majestically emphatic, though sometimes (as with *Tonight's* Fyfe Robertson) pitched so high as to sound querulous or challenging. Like many Scots, he has the trick of stressing words that start with vowels by pausing before the *n* of the preceding *an* ('a *nin*crease'). The silences, as he thought out his learned and curious replies, were almost overwhelmingly tense. But what held the viewer was not only his appearance and his pronouncements but his passionate, almost fanatical, belief in the seriousness of his job. To most people, heraldry is part of a more or less harmless and decorative charade — mere 'pageantry'. Despite Calvin, it is probably easier in Scotland than in England to retain some living apprehension of the inner meaning of ancient rituals: it was clear that Lyon's powers — for instance, to destroy bogus coats of arms, if necessary breaking stained-glass winows to do so — mean something real to him. Whence does he derive the powers? 'First, from the Kings of Scotland; thereafter from Acts of Parliament'. Occasionally he had to correct a questioner: 'I think you are referring to the offence known as murmuring of judges.'

That was a good night for TV. Earlier the BBC had shown an enchanting playlet based on Frank O'Connor's story *My Oedipus Complex* (retitled, by the BBC, *Larry*): the Oedipean theme — a small boy in Cork, his father returning from the war, the child taking second place in his mother's thoughts and bed — was presented with delicacy and natural candour. ('Mamma, d'you know what, when I grow up I'm going to marry you!'). Then, in ITV's *Chelsea at Nine*, it was poignantly agreeable to see again, after all these years, Miss Dunham in her famous Fishermen's-rope dance; and no English comic on TV, with the sole exception of Tony Hancock, is half so funny as a young American, Orson Bean, who made a spectacular eucalyptus-tree out of torn paper (*The Times*, he said) and mentioned that he had lately made his first gramophone record ('. . . on one of the smaller labels — Oblivion . . . 300 r. p. m. . . . Only dogs can hear it . . . We expect a limited success'). Despite the legitimate, and statutory, objection to too much American material on British TV, few viewers will have complained because this particular programme (with Abbey Lincoln and The Weavers, too) was so predominantly American; a pity it had to have two commercial breaks, and that Bernard Braden, the anchor-man, didn't have a script worthy of his intelligence.

TOM DRIBERG

Old Hands

TWO films by veterans have received rather less than their due in these weeks that have seen a stir of fresh talent. They are Lewis Milestone's *Pork Chop Hill* (just leaving the Odeon to go its rounds) and Howard Hawks's *Rio Bravo* at Warner's: a war film and a Western, neither of which will add greatly to reputations but which should not, nevertheless, be taken for granted.

Pork Chop Hill shows once more how a war film should be made. Its two hours of battle in Korea keep us, lucidly, in the thick of it. That atrocious little hill, seen first in model at headquarters where the negligent bayonet demonstrates the points to be gained, comes quietly and horribly alive. The barbed wire that should have been cut hasn't been; a blaze of searchlights (*our own!*) holds the creeping men naked to machine-gun fire; the support on the right has ceased to exist; casualties are frightful, with artillery pounding even from the back; all requests for food, ammunition, support receive the same negative answer, and a final request for leave to withdraw produces the curt 'That can only be given from higher up'. Higher up they are sitting at a conference table with the enemy, and Pork Chop Hill has importance for them as a trial of strength. So, with the hideous irony inseparable from war, this last battle of the Korean 'incident' is fought, by far too many, to the death. Even a last over the-top bayonet charge has been necessary. Where have I read about push-button war? asks one soldier. We are the push buttons, rejoins the other. This martyrdom of hundreds is accompanied, during lulls, by the broadcast voice of a young Chinese Communist inviting them to consider their position, and a popular gramophone record is put on to remind them of home.

The whole *mise-en-scène* of battle, the natural behaviour, the poignant, sacrifice to the unhurrying machine, have all Milestone's incisive ruthlessness. Then what does this film lack? Only perhaps the ability to come out with Milestone's deepest conviction: that all war is hideously, irretrievably wrong. The attempt here at the end to cover up with a good — or at least a necessary — cause brings only ineffectiveness and muddle. Apart from that, the film induces, even in a sparse June audience, the hush it should, and Gregory Peck as hero doesn't solicit hero-worship.

Then *Rio Bravo*, near the Mexican border in the old times, is a straight, slow, experienced Western. None slower than John Wayne, as sheriff bottled up in his town by a big, black rancher and his men; yet he couldn't be better in his way, and the film itself only misses the tight grip that doesn't perhaps belong to it. Here are local colour (the small drummer boy leading the funeral), a good if leisurely tale, a too up-to-date heroine, subsidiary comedy (from Dean Martin and Walter Brennan) well in place, and that agoraphobic delight which permeaters every true Western. With a couple of hours to spare we could do worse — much worse — than turn in here.

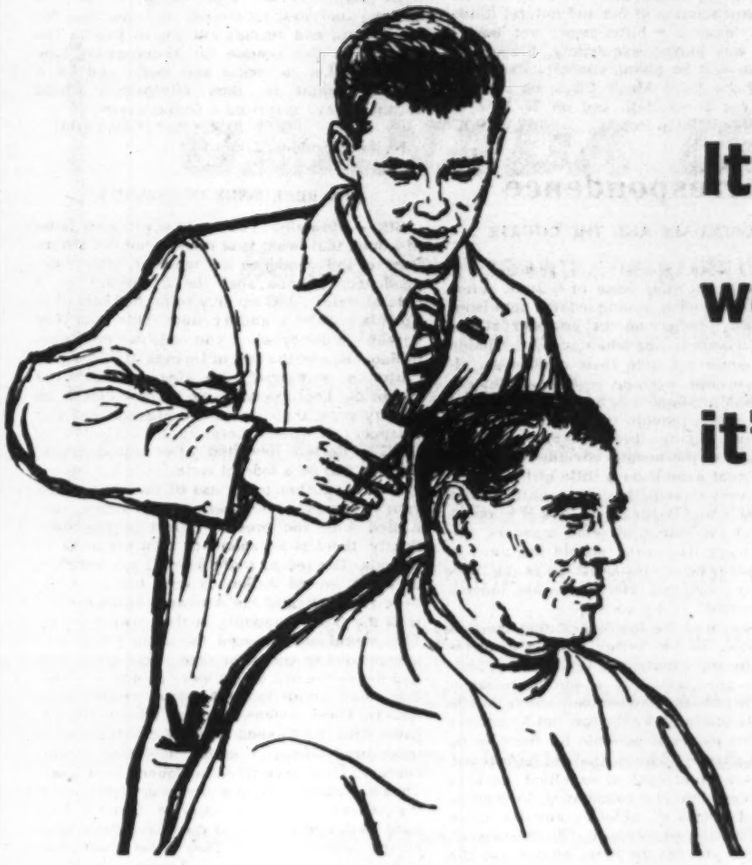
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Rose presented Twice

IF we wish to discover how far the second-rate can rise without ever quite reaching the immaculate summits, then Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* provides the triumphant answer. Were it not for the shameless 'theatre-music' of much of the last act, one might almost be tricked into thinking that Verdi's *Falstaff* has a German peer. The trickery is self-exposed; in the last act Strauss remembers the truth just in time, and enshrines it in the final trio. Yet if one loves the work one must accept the implications of one's own defeat as well as the ample rewards of a blatant seduction. So much depends on the Ochs: the more he is shown to be maimed, the more we are protected, for this is no Falstaff, with whom we can safely identify something of ourselves. We are not simply aping Beethoven's disapproval of Don Giovanni or Schoenberg's of Lulu if we ask for some positive justification of Strauss's elaborate concern for such a character. Covent Garden's present production of *Der Rosenkavalier* gives us no justification. James Pease's Ochs is too crudely characterised and too negative to hold our attention, whatever is done with the music. Carl Ebert's subtly poised production for Glyndebourne this year gives us quite another picture.

The Ochs of Oscar Czerwenka is not entirely divorced from the aristocratic dignity of the context, with the result that Ochs's grossnesses are more pitiable than farcical. Ebert's production of the Act II waltz accentuates the desperation latent in the sentimentality, so that the ruthless contrast between the slow waltz tempo and the con spirito continuation is dramatically instructive. But because this Ochs is more than a grotesque we are able to believe that the precarious sensuality of his main waltz strain (surely an astounding inspiration) finds its quietus in his Act II farewell. 'Mit dieser Stund' — a phrase, incidentally, which Mr Czerwenka sings with great dignity. The beautiful formality of Ebert's production — culminating in a superb presentation scene — is the ideal background for this kind of characterisation.

Musically the Glyndebourne production is further adorned by Régine Crespin's Marschallin and the slightly chilly brilliance



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of Elisabeth Söderström's Octavian. It suffers somewhat from the unavoidably reduced size of the orchestra — about fifty players, as against the ninety required by Strauss — and this is apt to expose Strauss's occasional weakness of invention in subsidiary voices. Here, of course, Covent Garden has the advantage, and Rudolf Kempe fares better with the large orchestra than Leopold Ludwig does with the small one at Glyndebourne. This is one of Herr Kempe's greatest successes, just as the Glyndebourne production is one of Professor Ebert's. The two are complementary, and one wishes they could be brought together.

DAVID DREW

The Tempest or The Enchanted Island, at the Old Vic

As part of the current Purcell-Handel festival, the Old Vic has presented for the first time a production of Dryden and Davenant's adaptation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* with music by Purcell. It is sub-titled *The Enchanted Island*, and indeed it is the enchantment, rather than the tempest, which interests Dryden and Davenant. They merely aim to present an entertainment, and so they take from Shakespeare only those themes which are proper to their purpose. Everything that is thought-provoking and problematic has been removed, so that *The Enchanted Island* is no more Shakespearean than a number of quasiliteral quotations from the original text can make it. Which is to say that it is no more Shakespearean than *Orpheus in the Underworld* is Orphic. But Dryden and Davenant are not fools, and like their highest-paid successors in the ignoble tradition of adapting other people's work, they make sure that their concoction is entertaining. On these grounds alone, the Old Vic's production justifies itself most unexpectedly, and the direction of Douglas Seale, together with a distinguished cast headed by Miles Malleson and John Phillips, does everything to promote the success of the evening.

This at least the ordinary theatre-goer must be told. For the rest, Purcell's magnificent score is the main attraction, and I shall discuss this in a later article. Dryden and Davenant remove Shakespeare's poetry; Purcell restores it in his own terms. Carefully edited and conducted by John Lambert with some highly sensitive continuo realisations by Thea Musgrave, the music comes over as well as one could expect in view of its extreme difficulty. The irony is that Shakespeare's Prospero should say 'I have required some heavenly music' only in order that Dryden's less worthy figure should receive it.

D. D.

Ali Akbar Khan, at The Festival Hall

The Sarode recital given last week by Ustad Ali Akbar Khan in the Recital Room confirms one's feelings that here is a great creative musician. In whatever Raga he is composing, its *bhava* (spirit) is lovingly dwelt on; and, resting on the secure basis of his complete technical mastery, a quite astonishing expressiveness becomes possible. Ali Akbar Khan was in particularly good form, and so the Ragas were brought to life in a way that was at once traditional and entirely fresh. He first gave a fifty-minute performance of the Raga Lachawanti, the *bhava* of which is compounded of the contrasting moods of compassion and erotic love. After evoking these in the *Alap* (unaccompanied section), he went on to develop them in a *Gat* rich in its variety of *bistars* (meditations) and *jhalas* (climaxes). He was accompanied by the young tabla-player from Bihar, Mahapurush Mishra, who is a fine musician with a clear, precise drum-tone.

After the interval Ali Akbar Khan improvised upon the Rage Sindhi Bhairavi, which allows of much tonal architecture. During his improvisation one seemed sometimes to be hearing an Indian Bach at work, so unexpected and yet so right were the juxtaposition of phrases. For the last quarter of an hour, until closing-time put an end to a performance which the audience obviously hoped would continue indefinitely, Ali Akbar Khan gave us the Raga Mishra Shivaranjani, probably of South Indian origin. Its combination of flat and natural thirds and sixths imparts a bitter-sweet yet tender feeling. It was played exquisitely. (Ustad Ali Akbar Khan will be giving concerts under the auspices of the Asian Music Circle on 20 June at St Pancras Town Hall, and on 27 June at Friends House, Euston Road.)

W. B. C.

Correspondence

HOMOSEXUALS AND THE COURTS

SIR, — I read, almost with disbelief, Mr Wright's letter in your issue of 6 June, referring to the sentencing to nine months' imprisonment of two young men for homosexual behaviour, although it was admitted by the judge that they could not help their tendencies, although there was genuine mutual attachment between them, although they had not misbehaved in public and although they had corrupted nobody. Five minutes before I had read, on another page, of the penalty awarded to a man for an indecent assault on a little girl: £10.

It seems very strange that in a country where to mind one's own business is looked upon as an essential ingredient of good manners, the public, through its courts, should interfere in so cruel and so disastrous a fashion in the lives of these two young men. Here crime has, indeed, been committed . . . by society.

That a reform of the law is probably the first essential step, as Mr Wright suggests, seems borne out by the situation in this country, Holland. Here homosexual love and homosexual practices in private between consenting adults are not only tolerated by the law but by society as well. This makes it possible for there to be an active society of homosexuals of both sexes, which does a great deal of excellent work to integrate them into the community, to remove the harmful effects of isolation and the quite unjustified feeling of inferiority. In this way it does much to prevent the evils, abuses and the human suffering to which the persecution and proscription of homosexuality (but not homosexuality itself) do, in fact, lead.

The society has branches in a number of towns and its clubhouses, where its members meet together. Club evenings are often attended by heterosexuals as well, and sometimes even by married couples, while it is quite usual for well-known authorities, psychologists and the like, to give talks and for well-known actors or actresses to provide entertainment, followed by open discussion with them of the homosexual's problems and his position in society.

Now, all this is possible in a small, very religiously-minded and in many respects very straight-laced country. Isn't it time that Britain, having missed the lead in this good and humane work, put witch-hunting once and for all behind it and at least tried to follow the lead?

The homosexual who wishes to see the recommendations of the Wolfenden report incorporated in the law is not asking for interference with minors and improper behaviour in public, offensive to others (homosexuals included), to be tolerated and condoned. All he asks of society is that his private, adult sexual life should be treated with the same respect and discretion as the married life of the heterosexual. He says to society: I am not a criminal and not an invalid, leave me in peace. Is that too much to ask?

EXPATRIATE

Amsterdam

SIR, — Mr Wright's letter is timely. Without encroaching on the wider question of the implementation of the Wolfenden Report proposals, it seems that there is cause for alarm in the conduct of police campaigns against 'vice' even under the existing laws. The Oxford magistrates have recently had cause to dismiss two cases brought by the police on what appears to be the slenderest of 'evidence'. In the first case a man was charged with importuning on the grounds that on entering a public lavatory he 'looked around'. In the second case a similar charge was brought against a man who 'smiled'. If the police feel that it is possible to stretch the legal definition of importuning to include 'smiling' and 'looking around', is it not time for all cheerful and curious citizens to join in the support of the League for Homosexual Law Reform? That to 'smile and smile and be a villain' should be thus interpreted would certainly have surprised a Shakespeare.

RUTH BUTTERWORTH

Nuffield College, Oxford

THE REAL ISSUE IN UGANDA

SIR, — How right you are to say in your issue of 6 June that 'what is at issue is not the attainment of independence but whether, after independence, Uganda shall be a unitary or a federal state'. HMG's policy so far has been that Uganda will be a unitary state. This is a very unrealistic policy when you consider the status of Buganda and the rest of Uganda. If this policy continues unchanged, the Uganda will fight shy of the Legco because they know that in an unitary state, their status and prestige will just disappear. It would, therefore, be advisable for HMG to declare *now* that 'after independence' Uganda will be a federal state.

Could I further make use of the courtesy of your columns to emphasise two points connected with the present unrest in Buganda? Firstly, there is no colour or race prejudice in Uganda. The recent trade boycott has not been an attack on the Asians as such. It has merely been a reflection of the Africans' dissatisfaction with the trade monopoly in their own country. This would have caused the same resentment irrespective of colour or race of the group that had the monopoly. It is a mere coincidence that this small group today happens to consist of Asians. These Asians, who are mainly Hindus, came with the Uganda Railway construction as indentured labourers at the beginning of this century. They have lived in Uganda ever since. They had experience in a money-economy which the African has not yet acquired. Through their hard work and self-denial they have monopolised the country's trade. They remit great sums of money to India as they still have connections with that country. The African is resentful both of the trade monopoly and this constant draining of the country of the necessary capital, which ought to be ploughed back into Uganda for its economic progress. It must be pointed out that very little capital comes from India into Uganda.

The second point is that the banned Uganda National Movement and the subsequent organisations must have put the Kabaka and his government in a most embarrassing situation. One of the objectives of the Movement was to achieve self-government for Uganda. One of the Kabaka's demands in 1952 'which fermented the crisis and ended in his exile' was self-government for Uganda. This similarity of aims makes complete condemnation of the UNM very difficult indeed. The UNM has been a popular movement with nearly everybody in it; caution on the part of the Kabaka and his government was most vital in the handling of the situation. So that if complete condemnation has not been so far forthcoming, it does not mean condonation or lack of courage. There is strength in being tactful.

A few days ago the Katikuo, in the name of the Kabaka and the Lukiko, broadcast a message to the people asking them to refrain from violence and to call off the boycott. Two days after that message, the police opened fire on a crowd of Africans in Katwe near Kampala.

A. FRED MPANGA

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THE STORY OF FEDERATION

SIR, — One recommendation of the 1938 Bledisloe Commission was not mentioned in your useful analysis of the political history of Central Africa. This Commission whilst against immediate amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia nevertheless on economic, political and ethnological grounds wrote 'we are agreed in recommending that steps should be taken without undue delay to combine Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland under a single Government'.

GRANADA IS GROWING

Because of the continuing growth of Granada T.V. Network, a number of interesting and exciting posts are now open to men and women who are prepared to take the opportunities (and suffer the frustrations) of a new, dynamic and rapidly developing medium of communication, entertainment and education. Salaries, promotion prospects and conditions of service are good, Granada operates a Pension and Life Assurance Scheme. Details of posts vacant and qualifications and experience required are given below

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Researcher/Economist (*Location London*) The successful applicant will be a man, or woman, who has experience not only of interpreting audience ratings, but also has the judgment and ability to find and provide statistics on the size, volume and characteristics of industrial groups, from which it is possible to make intelligent presentations in our endeavour to widen the scope of our sales activities.

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There is also a small number of vacancies in various Engineering grades for applicants with experience of television broadcasting operations and maintenance.

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This proposal was duly pigeon-holed, but deserves fresh examination. Assuming that it is acceptable to the Africans and that active steps were taken to develop real democracy through the Colonial Office within this territory, it could provide an effective counter balance to the Canute-like settlers in Southern Rhodesia within a federation.

The economic arguments in favour of creating this near-viable state north of the Zambesi are obvious and cogent. Unless a Labour government examines constructively alternatives such as this now we will in 1960 be roughly where we were in 1953.

In 1953 our opposition to the implementation of Federation was largely negative in character and thereby lost much of its force. If we are to stem the march of white nationalism and reassert our authority, positive action is needed now.

DAVID J. RAYMONT

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TRADING WITH RUSSIA

SIR,—The traditional purpose of international trade is to bring benefit to all the countries involved: Ian Mikardo's article 'Trading with Russia' introduces an important new concept trade for the sake of mutual loss. Since Russian cars are 'designed for tougher roads and lower-grade fuels than ours,' he wants the Russians to spend a great deal on hopelessly uneconomic adaptations: the British government for its part must supply 'nation-wide sales and service facilities' to the detriment of one of the few reasonably efficient home industries. With any luck it could hope to lose as much as the Russians on the deal.

The plain truth is that there are very few Russian goods that Britain really wants — the appearance of oil, of all things, on the shopping list just proves how difficult it is to draw one up. On the other hand, the Russians would like quite a lot of our manufactures. The obvious thing would be for the Soviet Union to use some of its ample gold reserves, but her stern classical economists regard gold as far too valuable to be used in trade. (Even the Soviet government, I am told, has to provide a 50 per cent gold collateral before the state bank will provide it with a loan.) Thus any agreement has a built-in limit. Hence Mr Mikardo's plea for a planned economy, import controls, the lot, all for the sake of Anglo-Russian trade. Who says there is no thinking in the Labour Party?

By itself Mr Mikardo's ebullience would hardly matter, but it has been a bad week for sanity. The brewers can sleep on, secure in the knowledge that the Labour Party, which stands for making the best use of the nation's resources, will protect them from anyone who can make a much better use of *their* resources. Because Mr Clore has made a profit, Mrs Castle wants a capital gains tax, which will make him much bigger ones. The stock market, happily aware that share prices will promptly rise by the amount of the tax, is holding its breath for fear anyone will cotton on. If this is a fair sample of its economic thinking, can we wonder that the left in the Labour Party has been in retreat since 1951? The tragedy is that morally and dynamically, it is needed more than ever; until it acquires just a little economic know-how it will never have a chance.

PATRICK HUTBER

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EAST BERLIN

SIR, — Critic seems to have caught the grey and oppressive atmosphere of East Berlin reasonably well in his short visit, but he has fallen into the usual tourist error of visiting the bombed heart of the city, and the equally depressing pomposity of the Stalinallee, and generalising from these. It is essential to remember that Berlin has been turned inside-out by bombing. Life goes on in the suburbs. The central districts, which are mostly within the eastern sector, which once performed the functions of a capital of a state of 70 million people, have with the loss of those functions not been rebuilt. To be quite fair, similar districts across the sector boundary in West Berlin still lie waste also, except for the occasional prestige building like the Congress Hall.

It is a pity that Critic only went out to the Stalinallee, which is now regarded even by the East Germans as an embarrassing and all too solid heirloom. It is certainly not true that good modern flats are found only in the Stalinallee. If Critic had chosen to drive northwards along the Schönhauserallee, he would have seen much modest rebuilding of bombed apartment blocks and shops, with the surviving buildings being cleaned up at the same time, and with the Isherwood courts being ripped out to let in sun and grass and fresh air. In suburbs like Lichtenburg, he would have seen large building schemes which, although not marvels of architecture, showed due regard to all the current architectural clichés like neighbourhood units, the use of colour, and the adoption of an open layout amid green spaces.

Everybody in East Germany seems to agree that the standard of living has been improving rapidly for the past two years. Window dressing is still practically an unknown art, but the shops everywhere (not just in Berlin) are full of food and have a reasonable supply of rather dreadful textiles. In 'consumer durables' the East Germans are on the motorcycle rather than the car and refrigerator level. After ten years of hell while the old system was torn apart and a new state-planning system created, the thing is beginning to pay off. One may not like the system politically, one may think that what has been created was not worth the price paid by the individual, but economically it seems to be beginning to work.

T. H. ELKINS

34 The Keep, Blackheath

MARCH OF CONQUEST

SIR, — It is with some trepidation that I enter the controversy on Mr Telford Taylor's book *The March of Conquest*, yet I feel that someone must write on behalf of the men who took part in those battles 19 years ago.

To the BEF, the German forces were not arrows on a military map. They were the Stukas raining mass destruction from the air, the tanks liable to erupt from side streets, the stutter of machine guns from a once friendly wood. The BEF was largely composed of the same units which fought at Mons in 1914 with an earlier BEF and that they did not disgrace their fathers is shown by the following among many other facts:

a) On 23 May (the day of Rundstedt's approval of a slowdown) Kleist Group reported over 30 per cent casualties.
b) The German 39th Corps reported 30 per cent losses and heavy destruction and loss of weapons.

The order to halt the armour was not occasioned by any love for the BEF but was forced on the commanders if they wished to preserve it for the attack to the South. It should also be pointed out that the order never affected Army Group B which was entirely infantry nor the infantry formations in Army Group A. In fact, Hitler, on the day he agreed to halting the armour, also agreed that 'an attack be made entirely with infantry'.

Explode myths by all means, for then facts stand out more clearly, and the outstanding fact of May 1940 was the doggedness and tenacity of the British soldier, as strong as ever despite twenty years of depression and dole queues. My last recollection of the Flanders campaign is of small groups of weary men, armed with Bren guns and trench mortars, waiting at cross roads while we made our way to the coast. What happened to them, God knows, but to them we owed our freedom and I for one will always feel honoured and grateful to have been associated with them.

RICHARD A. LAUDER

East Kilbride, Lanarkshire

FABIANS AND A HEALTH SERVICE

SIR, — Why does Mr Abel-Smith think that the early Fabians did not want a national health service? In 1911, Tract 160, *A State Medical Service*, was written by Lawson Dodd, a doctor, a long-standing member of the Fabian Executive — and still, incidentally, a Fabian; there is no sign that anyone opposed its publication. Earlier in the same year the annual conference, in passing a resolution attacking the Insurance Bill partly because of the contributory principle (supported by the trade union members of the Labour Party), called for a national health service for the country as a whole. Much earlier, in 1891, the Society's first pamphlet on the Poor Law remarked that medical and hospital treatment should be taken right out of the Poor Law, though at that date it was not quite clear whether they were to become a national or a local authority responsibility. Shaw's views on the medical profession are well-known; but he took no steps against that pamphlet. What is the evidence that any other Fabian was opposed to the idea, then or thereafter? It was the Unions, and the Labour Party following their lead, who supported Lloyd George — not the Fabians or the ILP.

MARGARET COLE

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GOING ON LEARNING

SIR, — Does it matter so much if the WEA is not serving those for whom it was created? The 'workers' (and it is debateable just which people would include themselves under this title, though I am grateful for Wwyn Lewis's definition) are able to join classes if they wish and it is to be regretted that more do not take the excellent opportunities offered, but it seems to me that the people for whom the extra-mural classes are admirably suitable are those who left school at 16 or 17 with a general school, or matriculation certificate but through lack of cash or encouragement failed to go on to a University and in later years have come to regret this omission.

Mainly for this reason but partly because of the snobbish or inverse-snobbish connotation which the word 'workers' has for some, I feel that 'adult education' would be a better title for the Association and more in keeping with present day trends towards a classless society.

MOLLIE C. KING

14 Calder Avenue, Hatfield

ABSTRACT ART

SIR, — There are a few statements in John Berger's article which need a little additional comment.

I do not know whether he really thinks Surrealism is decadence, but it has certainly produced some of the most exciting painting and poetry of our time. The desire of the Surrealists for a unification of experience and their profound respect for the imagination is eminently progressive in a society which whatever its pretentions is hostile to art. Incidentally Breton regarded Cubism as one of the beginnings of modern Surrealism, and as movements they cannot be isolated from one another despite the fact that some people persist in praising Cubism for its supposed classicist element.

The idea that the critic should bear in mind 'what can art serve here and now' seems to me ridiculously utilitarian. In art as in politics one has to stand a good way back from life in order to see what is really important.

THEODORE MELVILLE

City Art Gallery, Manchester, 2

ARTISTS AGAINST THE BOMB

SIR, — About a year ago I launched — partly through your columns — a petition to be signed by artists protesting against the testing and manufacture of nuclear weapons by this country, the US and the USSR. Several hundred painters and sculptors signed enthusiastically. The next practical step that we can take is to join in the March For Life, assembling at Marble Arch in the park at 2 p.m. on Sunday 28 June. There will be a special contingent of artists — as also of most other professions and trades — and already Henry Moore, Sir Herbert Read and Joseph Herman are among those supporting this new protest.

JOHN BERGER

ON PEOPLE AND EVENTS

IN TELEVISION'S brief history many personalities have leapt into life on the glowing screen. Most fade out and are soon forgotten, but there are a few who emerge as genuine three-dimensional characters capable of inspiring honest, emotional and intellectual response in their audience. Robin Day is such a man. In his three years with television he came to epitomise, in the public mind, the *persona* of television newscasting and commentary. And not only in the public mind either. In 1957 television focused its discerning eye on Day and named him television's Personality of the Year.

Day was, however, a personality in his own right years before he stepped into television's limelight. At Oxford he was elected president of the Union and he was also a leading member of the University Liberal Club. In 1952, after coming down from Oxford, he was called to the Bar, but his interest in people, politics, diplomacy and humanity, led him to accept a job with the B.B.C. as a current affairs producer. In 1955 Independent Television News offered him an assignment as newscaster and political correspondent.

His television interviews have made front page news. People still remember him with Nasser in Cairo, with Nixon in Washington, with Truman, Dulles, Makarios, Gaitskell and the Prime Minister. And his reports from Port Said, Cyprus and Moscow succeeded brilliantly in providing a clear and concise interpretation of some of the knottiest political problems of our time. Occasions like these created the popular Day image of a tough and determined man, who introduced an authentic note into the rather stereotyped technique of interviewing. Other programmes, such as "Roving Report" and "Tell the People," gave him a chance to relax and show an impish sense of humour.

Early this year Day became prospective Liberal candidate for Hereford, and so had to give up his work with Independent Television News. He is now writing for the News Chronicle. His job is to cover people and events in print. Within those loose limits he is free to range as widely as he likes. His weekly column has all the pointedness and precision, thoughtfulness and feeling that have distinguished his television work.

A newspaper is as good as the people who write for it **News Chronicle**

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Alone in the Vast Landscape

LOOKING at the English novelists of the last twenty years, one must be struck by their indifference to ideas. After Orwell we have only Graham Greene to put against a Wells, a Wyndham Lewis, a Virginia Woolf, or a Lawrence. We have simply dropped out of Western Europe, for we can hardly expect anyone outside this country to be interested in the picturesque folklore of our class system (though it is about time some foreigners — Sartre and Camus — became acquainted with our social revolution). Since it has next to no literature, it is not yet respectable on the Continent. It is our fault, all the same, that the novelist who bears witness and who has an idea or direction has to be sought in France and, to some extent still, in the United States. We have the vegetable temperament. Of course, as we reach for the latest book on Camus*, we recall that *not* having an idea is a substantial tradition among English novelists and that to systematise and point out the logical difficulties in a large number of others is beyond most of us. Few expound themselves as Camus did in *The Rebel*. Graham Greene has scarcely done so; Joyce Cary tried and it was confusion. Our shyness of abstract thought leads us to consider a novelist's ideas, not as ideas but as eccentric forms of personal, imaginative experience to be admired for themselves, but to which we cannot give serious attention until they are tested in practice.

The French think furiously otherwise. Nothing exists until it is intellectualised. Nothing exists outside system. An idea means party war. The total and rigid claims of the Catholic Church, the counter-claim on behalf of the exclusive prestige of the French Revolution, a strong Communist party, the deep awareness that land frontiers are not frontiers at all, set the stage for scholastic war. A man changes his café, thereby changes his mind. The risks from light-headed and parochial criticism are fantastic, indeed the French Revolution has become in the course of 160 years, a trauma. It was enough for Camus to be reviewed well in the *Figaro* for him to be denounced by the Left. It was enough for him to write *The Fall*, for the atheist to be thought to be on the point of a Catholic conversion. (In an excellent earlier book on Camus, Philip Thody points out that the author was really satirising the belief in universal human wickedness and exposing it as a weapon used for the enslaving of men.)

We move on to the next and deadly accusation: ambiguity, a dangerous word in France but with a seductive and ever bracing ring in English ears. Why has Camus not ruthlessly and sweepingly 'pronounced' on the Algerian question, for a French novelist must pronounce? His pronouncement was limited. The astonishing thing, for an English reader, is to turn again to *The Outsider*, *The Plague*, to one or two stories in *Exile and the Kingdom*, and the plays, and to find an artist standing in his own permanence, and the man himself a colonist, an exile and a traveller. We have to remind ourselves that when novelists expound their ideas brilliantly in active journalism or in reflective works and are moved to do so, as Camus is, by a profound sense of their duty as witnesses to their time, their reality is graven in the stone of their art. The philosophy of Camus — we understand from the penetrating Mr Cruickshank — has errors; his metaphysic may be dismissed — as it was by Sartre — as a private dream; his tendency may be dubious; in politics he may simple-minded. One is relieved to hear that, despite the seductions of a good prose style, he has integrity. We had noticed it in his art. Errors of belief will not prevent him from becoming a great artist.

Mr Cruickshank applies a trained and flexible mind to the examination of Camus's thought. His book is fair, orderly, sympathetic and very readable. He enters the labyrinth at the right point: that Camus is a man of the Mediterranean, with a stronger attachment to the values of the ancient world than to Christian values. He is also a colonist, conscious of the North. He is a neo-pagan seeking a reconciliation between the *'horreur de mourir'* and the *'jalousie de vivre'*, posing clearly the two extremes and seeking a moderation that would include both and reduce the conflict between them. His 'revolt' has been fed by his awareness of the 'Pagan/Christian, North/South dichotomy'. Where Sartre's pessimism is German-inspired, the pessimism of Camus is that of the South — 'We men of the South know perfectly well the sun has its dark spots'. There is a long analysis of his gradually changing attitude to the absurd from *The Myth of Sisyphus* to *The Rebel*, with the note that Camus has rather the *feeling* of the absurd than its philosophy; then a discussion of the debate with Sartre. Camus is accused of being a static moralist; Sartre's moral activity is dynamic:

> The quarrel between them had more to do with differences of interpretation than with principle and these differences sometimes depended on very fine shades of meaning. In general they have tended to give different interpretations to a common anti-absolutist position. Sartre has opted for the efficacy of collective endeavour — always at the risk of mistakes and failures — and the creation of values through action in time. Camus finds his values in the individual consciousness, independent of action and history. They are still human values, not absolutes, but we have seen that he finds them to have been degraded by collective historical experiment, whereas Sartre holds that they can exist in any useful sense only by being fashioned in political activity.

If human values are not absolutes (we may think), Camus's must be as active as Sartre's. Neither writer is a practical politician, though in pressing for a sensible and practical moderation in policies, and rejecting the extreme or doctrinaire, Camus comes, as Mr. Cruickshank says, close to the English tradition. He has the air of a Protestant. But his conception of rebellion ignores, as many critics have pointed out, the notion of a Christian revolt, and also ignores the history of successful, non-doctrinaire rebellion in Great Britain and the United States. (Marxism might have had a more powerful following in Britain if we had been Catholic). Many of the arguments of Camus, as Mr Cruickshank sohws, are weakened by their attachment to the idea of the absurd, and by the growing uncertainty about what are revolts and what are revolutions; and he notes how certain lyrical phrases about light and darkness appear at the end of *The Rebel* and leave the argument in the air.

This debate belongs to the Forties and already appears remote to us. Mr. Cruickshank thinks it will not seem so remote to Africans and Asians. The striking thing is that although Camus is not thought to be as good a philosopher as he is an artist, it is his integrity as an artist that gives his philosophy its bite. When Mr Cruickshank says Camus appeals to ordinary people he means that he has been the spokesman and champion of men as victims, pleading the pleasure of their senses, of what they get out of the passing hours of their lives; listening to the natural longing of the families in *The Plague* to be free of the pestilence; respecting their fears, the hunger of each one who does not ask much, their attachments, their bewilderment before a justice that is not theirs. They know they must die but they cannot believe in a morality which calls them expendable. As Mr Cruickshank says, Camus has the thankless gift of being a private conscience at a time (we may add) when conscience is bureaucratic under the disguise of being collective.

Whatever may be said about the philosophy of Camus, it has been assimilated, to a degree quite exceptional in the philosophical novel, to his writing as an artist. Complaints have been made that the end of *The Outsider* becomes too expressive and transcends the powers of the narrator; that the myth of the plague is a false allegory of the Occupation and of the desire for freedom; that the major characters are flat. Even if all this is granted, the concretion of the rest is extraordinary. Camus springs from the loneliness of the colon. He has the impersonality of the solitary traveller, the man born to be on the move and to see movement, as one does see it, hour by hour. His sense of place — Algiers, Oran, the African steppe and desert — is physical. He conveys the experience that the physical is all there is and that it is alien. Sensations are as apprehensible as stones, or dirt, or leaves. The description of the bus-ride in the short story *The Adulteress*, a glum bumping ride in a cold, violent and capricious wind across the steppe, the arrival at the desert village, the woman feeling the cold of the hotel bedroom coming to her from the walls and rising out of the tiles up her legs, is more than description: it conveys place itself, gramme by gramme, seizing a human being with a force unnoticeable to others but overwhelming, like a silent expectation, to herself. The dry, stony, harshness of the steppe of Algeria is not only put down by a master of description-on-the-move, but it is selected to convey that we live in a world hostile or alien to to us, without our being aware of this philosophical intention. So, in that place, we *would* feel. There is the same uncontamenated mastery of landscape in the story called *The Guest*, in which a schoolmaster colonist takes charge of a poor cringing Arab prisoner. This story has the hard pessimism of Camus: the schoolmaster who will not commit himself on behalf of the authorities or the prisoner, nevertheless cares for him as a human being, gives him the choice of escaping or taking himself to prison (to which, either overwhelmed by the schoolmaster's humanity or out of animal stupidity, he decides to go), and the schoolmaster returns to discover the threat of death written on his blackboard, by one of the Arab's friends. Anyone who troubles to go through this story inch by inch must notice the tact and precision of each word in it, the decisive measure and touch in which the smallest word tells something

* *Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt*. By JOHN CRUICKSHANK. *Oxford*. 25s.

vital. In techniques Camus is a virtuoso. This story ends with the line, 'In this vast landscape he had loved so much, he was alone'. The word 'alone' describes the dilemma not only of the colonist who has chosen to be alone, but of any man of good will and liberal instincts who chooses to be 'alone' in a society that accepts mass-murder, or hard and alone in the bewildered lazy drift of a liberalism which so easily turns to fatalism and indifference. Camus is in the liberal tradition, seeking to harden it, make it concentrate on limited objectives — for example the campaign against capital punishment — and persist, seeking to turn it into an energy by making it derive a power from the solitude of men. He would almost appear to suggest that humanism has degenerated into gregariousness. The stories in *Exile and the Kingdom* are said to be exercises by which Camus is training an artist, too long given over to polemical writing. At the moment he has turned again to the theatre. I have seen none of his plays; in London we never get the chance.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE UNPREDICTABLE

The raw and overwhelming danger
Of the first grief and the first hunger,
Too much, I dare say, to be caught
By a child's heartbeat and his thought.

Mercifully, though, from too much violence
There is oblivion and silence,
Postponing love and the great anger
For latter days when we are stronger.

But to go round and round again
In a dead dream of dead men,
From the stopped heart and the checked word,
This also has occurred.

And tall constructions from a first
Unquenched and undiminished thirst,
Out of weakness and of danger,
The olive crown, the hero's posture.

To have suffered, though, to have done
With the black light of the first sun,
Though water's stale, the bread putrid,
This is beyond love and hatred.

To have worked out, to exceed
The Furies and the human need,
Is unpredictable, a grace
Of no time and no place.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

WINTER: SOUTH AFRICA

Wherever black men work
There fires flick,
Russet, vermilion, gold,
In iron cold.

Astride the crumbled wall
Of the cancelled room,
Men strike the toppling blow:
There small fires glow

With sapling and pale straw,
With brittle sticks;
Dark cinders, purple-black
Beat the cold back.

The flower-seller kneels,
Her pale palms loom
Above the glow; slack wrists —
This wind's a fist.

Night watchman, eye of dark,
Crouched by a tin
Riddled with ruby gems:
The red bloom stems.

All through the city streets
The hot tongues fling.
Phoenix of faithless pyres,
Tending the small, indomitable fires.

RUTH MILLER

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JONATHAN CAPE

★

Laying Joyce Bare

The Critical Writings of James Joyce.
Edited by E. MASON and R. ELLMANN.
Faber. 25s.

Some reviews have rather jeered at this collection, as a plainly empty labour of scholarly piety or mere book-making, and indeed the editors mildly remark almost at the end, while considering Joyce's refusal to write a preface in 1932, when he had every reason of friendship and conviction to do it, that 'he was not going to play the man of letters after avoiding the role all his life'. But he could not avoid it altogether, and you need to know what he put his name to if you care to check the interpretations of his work. Besides, considering how determined he was to do it only with his left foot, he doesn'tcome ont at all badly.

There has been a tendency to argue that he never really quarrelled with the Church, and he certainly differed from his brother Stanislaus, who hated it as much as he did the drink, finding those the two causes of an upbringing which might have been expected to be disastrous. Joyce remarked to Padraic Colum in later years, speaking of his youthful revolt: 'it was not a question of belief. It was the question of celibacy. I knew I could not live the life of a celibate'. This might appear to settle the point, but on the evidence here (and of course elsewhere) his decision must be put back into his teens. Joyce, when he said it, no doubt felt that he was being generous and unselfimportant, and could have found grander terms for preferring normal life if he chose; but the joke presumes that he would have been accepted as a priest, which would probably not have been an unselfimportant thing to presume when he first took this line. We can none of us be sure how we first arrived at our opinions, and can only test whether we have adequate grounds for them now. Joyce is already in 1901 (when nineteen) determined to express his reverence for Bruno, whom the Catholics burned, and explains in 1903, writing in the notoriously pro-English Dublin *Daily Express*, that this was for Bruno's 'vindication of the freedom of intuition'; 'religion and all that is allied thereto' can manifestly persuade men to great evil' comes in 1902, and a more sectarian reference to 'the horrible image of the Jansenist Christ' in 1903. There is a break in the record of his public expressions of opinion till 1907, when he lectures to 'a kind of adult education centre in Trieste', and writes his text merely because he doubts whether his Italian is good enough to lecture extempore. The first lecture, while bursting with the wrongs of Ireland, contains the fine sentence:

> I confess that I do not see what good it does to fulminate against the English tyranny while the Roman tyranny occupies the palace of the soul.

For that matter, the piece in the style of *Finnegans Wake*, so rightly printed by the NEW STATESMAN in 1932, 'From a Banned Writer to a Banned Singer', passionately trying to get a job for the Irish opera tenor John Sullivan (and surely it is needlessly dismal for this chatty book to remark that the campaign 'was not altogether successful' but not let out why it wasn't altogether unsuccessful), manages to drag in an appalling series of rhymes about the Paris churches preparing for the Massacre of St Bartholomew.

> Get ready, get ready, scream the bells of Our Lady. And make sure they're quite killed, adds the gentle Clotilde. Your attention, sirs, please, bawls big Brother Surplice.

Come to think of it, I suppose this was where George Orwell drew up Big Brother from, in the wells of his memory, when he wrote *1984*. So I think it is wrong to argue that this author was really half in favour of the Church that had schooled him. Following Ibsen and what not, he rather tiresomely treated it as a heroic duty never to tell us what he really did think, and also (as he lets leak out, so that the programme was not a sensible one) he felt it would not be sensible to remain permanently cross with a large part of the world, as brother Stanislaus did; but, all the same, his Irish tongue continued to be terrible against Catholicism whenever he let it loose.

Whether he ever weakened about that seemed to me the main interest of the book, and there is not really much else to look for. It seems he told the Italians that a Pope gave Ireland to the English and also to one of his bastards, and that Queen Victoria sent ten pounds to the Irish Famine Relief Fund but got it back by return of post, and that Blake's wife was so injured in one of his quarrels with her that she was unable to have the children which Blake longed for. Joyce was obviously very good as a retailer of legends; and I do not think we English need call this trait peculiarly Irish, now that we consider we have the Irish off our consciences, because it seems to go more generally with an intransigent or maverick frame of mind. The claim behind his legends would always be that they are the essential truth even if they don't fit the individual; a point of view expressed once for all by the boy Joyce while praising Ibsen:

> The naked drama — either the perception of a great truth, or the opening up of a great question, or a great conflict which is almost independent of the conflicting actors, and has been and is of far-reaching importance — this is what primarily rivets our attention.

Evidently he intended to carry out this programme in both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, but the sad truth is that we are still wrangling about what the removal of the veils disclosed.

W. EMPSON

Caged Lion

Trotsky's Diary in Exile. By LEON TROTSKY.
Faber. 21s.

1935 was for Trotsky the hardest year of a hard life. Asylum in France, given to him in 1933, had seemed at first release from the semi-internment on Prinkipo. He could write more freely, resume contact with his followers, and comment on political events. But soon he was caught up in the storm which followed the riots of 6 February 1934. The feeble French governments found it easy to be apprehensive of the old revolutionary. The final blow came when France began to pursue the will o' the wisp of a Soviet alliance: to please Stalin, Trotsky was ordered to leave France. But no other country would take him; and for nearly six months he lived a suspended existence — expelled from France, but still physically there. Thus cut off from life, he was driven to the last, unsatisfactory resort of a diary, intending to record his private reflections, but straying always into political commentary. In June the Norwegian government agreed to admit him. The last pages of his diary record his journey to Norway and his settling there. Then life opened up again, and the little notebooks were laid aside for good.

Other motives drove Trotsky to turn in on himself. The rise of Hitler and the rigours of Stalin's dictatorship made him feel more than ever that he alone had the secret of political wisdom. He sets down again and again his faith in the revolution:

> If organism-destroying microbes consume me before the world revolution takes a new big step forward — and it does look that way — I shall still pass into non-existence with an indestructible confidence in the victory of the cause I have served all my life.

He never seems to have asked himself why so few others shared this faith or why the workers so obstinately chose moderate, reformist, compromising leaders. On a more personal plane still, the murder of Kirov started the great Purge in Russia. Trotsky's first wife and his eldest son were imprisoned, exiled, and vanished without trace. The sad notes of the diary were all the protest that Trotsky could make. Most intimate of all, Trotsky recorded in his diary the deep and abiding love between him and his wife Natalia. In these passages alone, personal feeling eclipses political involvement. Here is the common heart throb of humanity.

Any scrap of Trotsky's writing is worth having. He can always provide the biting comment, the brilliant pen-portrait. Reading Edgar Wallace in order to improve his English, he noted: 'You have a feeling as if out of boredom, for lack of anything better to do, you were drumming your fingers on a fly-specked windowpane'. He records that Lenin once asked: 'Do you know what is the greatest vice?', and answered his own question: 'To be more than 55 years old' — the age which Trotsky had impenitently reached. The recollections of the past, particularly about Lenin, are indeed the best things in the book. There is a fascinating picture of Lenin doubting whether the Bolsheviks would win the civil war: 'Russians are too kind. Russians are lazybones, softies. It's a bowl of mush we have, and not a dictatorship'. When Trotsky later reported that discipline had been restored in the army, Lenin kept sighing with satisfaction, almost blissfully. 'The game is won. If we have succeeded in establishing order in the army, it means we will establish it everywhere else. And the revolution — with order — will be unconquerable'. It did not occur to Trotsky, nor even to Lenin, that it would be Stalin's revolution which would conquer. Lenin gave Trotsky some flowers to take back to Moscow, and then asked: 'You won't be uncomfortable?' Only on the way back did Trotsky realise what Lenin had meant: he would be embarrassed by the contrast between the flowers and the dirty, hungry city — and he was. On their next meeting, Lenin commented: 'It made you look like an illegal trader, eh?'. These early Bolsheviks were still human beings. But there was a harder side to them. Trotsky reveals that the execution of the Tsar and his family was not the impulse of local panic, but was ordered by the Politburo. Lenin said: 'We should not leave the Whites a live banner to rally around'; and Trotsky adds: 'The Tsar's family fell victim to that principle which constitutes the axis of monarchy: dynastic succession'. He did not appreciate that the same *raison d'état* which had destroyed the Tsar's family was now destroying his own.

These excursions into the past are rare. Most of the diary deals with the present; and this is less interesting. The most entertaining passages here are the most trivial — the visits to a local barber, and the embarrassments of the security-officer, highly suspicious of Trotsky, yet anxious to show that he too was a good radical and

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republican. And it was certainly a strange twist of events when Trotsky and his wife found themselves sheltering incognito in a pension which was a centre of French royalism. As Trotsky remarked, to his own surprise, he could not keep politics out of things. He had meant to write a private diary; and instead he was drafting unpublished newspaper-articles. Often he abandoned writing and merely pasted in press-cuttings, with contemptuous underlinings. It is like reading the diary of an eighteenth century non-juror, equally confident that he had the true faith, yet with none to follow him. In February 1940 Trotsky set down his Testament, given here as conclusion:

> I shall die a proletarian revolutionist, a Marxist, a dialectical materialist, and consequently, an irreconcilable atheist. My faith in the communist future of mankind is not less ardent, indeed it is firmer today, than it was in the days of my youth.

There were few to share his faith in the last years of his life, still fewer now. Trotsky was the last revolutionary of the old school. As someone wrote of Bismarck: 'He was no beginning, but an end, a grandiose final chord — a fulfiller, not a prophet'.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Sermon on California

No Further West. By DAN JACOBSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16s.

You cannot go farther west in the United States than California, and California is the condition to which the rest of the United States, with the posible exception of a few areas in New England and the South, aspires. Mr Jacobson, a South African novelist now resident in England, went to Stanford University (not 'Stamford', as the blurb says) at Palo Alto as Fellow in Creative Writing, two years ago, and was amazed at what he found there. He found an egalitarian society apparently dominated by the motor-car and the motor road, so that the town as a unit had almost ceased to exist. He conveys this — the unstopping, unstoppable surge of the cars along the great roads, together with the flimsy, seemingly temporary buildings, houses, supermarkets, drive-ins, filling stations that line them — with a splendid nightmare intensity.

Then — and this is the importance of his book, which is the best on the United States to appear from a European visitor for a long time — he draws his conclusions from what he has seen. He is impressed, almost suffocated, by the overpowering kindness that he meets on every side. He finds that Americans are too, but that they go on being kind. He discovers in them almost a new type of man and society, a man for whom the will — to be an American, to be kind, to live on terms of friendship and mutual respect with his neighbours — is everything. The thesis is not perhaps new; what it means to be an American is the great theme of American literature. But what is refreshing in Mr Jacobson's book is the sanity with which he contemplates the scene and the shrewdness and hard common sense of his observations. He notes, for instance, that whereas other societies may be described by the figure of the pyramid, American society is developing in the direction of the suburb, with its 'flat dispersion, equality, and separation'. He finds in the very habit of America to discard its past as soon as done with the principle of American continuity. And he is not worried by the prospect of 'Americanisation': '... bearded Zulus in the streets of Johannesburg can drink Coca-Cola until their bellies are distended, and they won't thereby be Americanised.' The American experience, which is a matter of history, is unrepeatable. What, in a world of change, we can learn from America, he decides, is 'a new respect for our own wills, whose exercise need not always result in enmity, destruction and despair.' *No Further West* is an excellent travel book: it is also a powerful sermon.

WALTER ALLEN

Explorer in Myths

Jane Ellen Harrison: a Portrait from Letters. By JESSIE G. STEWART. *Merlin Press.* 30s.

'The gardens of Newnham lay before me in the spring twilight . . . then came . . . a bent figure, formidable yet humble, with her great forehead and her shabby dress. Could it be the famous scholar, could it be J. H. herself? All was dim, yet intense too . . .' These words from Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* are a fitting introduction to Jane Harrison, for they suggest both the awe in which her memory is held and the very nature of her life's work. She had an immense range of learning and many gifts, but her foremost contribution to human understanding was to call attention to the twilight side of the psyche as revealed in archaic rituals and divinities. A classical scholar by training, she pursued these forces ('dim yet intense') mainly in the primitive cults she found underlying the intellectualised intruders of the Olympian pantheon. But, as in time she herself came fully to realise, they are universal, lying at the root of all religious experience for the reason that they lie at the root of mind.

The daughter of an enlightened Yorkshire timber merchant, she was lucky enough to share in the adventure of the early days of 'higher education for women'. As a child she knew a moment of fear when an aunt, finding her with a purloined volume, commented 'I do not see how a Greek grammar is to help little Jane to keep house when she has a home of her own'. But happily other policies triumphed, she went to Cheltenham and then on to Cambridge, where she became one of that now legendary twenty who first took possession of the new house built for them at Newnham.

Naturally these advanced young ladies were enthusiastic Pre-Raphaelites. Mrs Stewart gives us a glimpse of Jane Harrison, tall and willowy in tight-fitting olive green serge, her hair worn in a Greek coil. Then again we see her sitting with Mrs Alfred Marshall, against a background of Morris wallpapers and Burne-Jones photographs, embroidering their tennis dresses with patterns of pomegranates and Virginia creeper designed by Miss Harrison herself.

Perhaps it was fortunate that with customary academic timidity Newnham passed her over for their classical lectureship, and she had many years of complete independence, lecturing on Greek art, making close friends with D. S. MacColl, picking the brains of German archaeologists, dabbling (as she called it) in anthropology, visiting excavations. So it was that by 1898 she was ready to return to Newnham with a Research Fellowship, her mind fermenting with bold and original ideas. Shortly afterwards Mrs Stewart became one of her first pupils.

During the fertile years that followed, which saw the publication of the *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion* and *Themis*, her two major books, her ideas

began to affect the whole study of Greek life and religion. In particular she did much to inspire the work both of Gilbert Murray and of Francis Cornford, and the three of them roused classical studies from their lethargy. There were cries of rage, of course, from the 'sound scholars', but this brilliant trio of friends succeeded — they gave a blood transfusion from archaeology and anthropology, and the subject came to new life, like Jane Harrison's favourite character, the Daemon of the New Year.

What was most splendid about this collaboration was that Jane Harrison participated essentially as a woman. It was a true marriage of minds. Again and again she described the tremendous tide of emotion that with her attended intellectual discovery. She declared 'I am by nature rotten with superstition and mysticism', and she always felt the need to test her ideas on what she called the insulated masculine mind. Her greatness lay in creative imagination of a deeply intuitive, feminine kind. Her intellect was not insulated; it had ears for the unconscious and for that very reason was able to record its elusive psychological truths.

Indeed, while anthropology has turned elsewhere, often producing work which Jane Harrison might well have condemned as lacking the spark needed 'to remove it from the sphere of mere recorded fact', a powerful wing of psychology has moved in her direction. In an obituary notice, Francis Cornford wrote: 'Her intuitive sense that snakes and Gorgons lurk at the root of true religion was thoroughly sound. It was an accident of time that Durkheim's "collective representation" rather than Jung's "collective unconscious" provided the explanation.' Starting from opposite ends, Jane Harrison worked from classical myth to psychology, Jung from clinical psychology to myth.

Having entrusted Mrs Stewart with hundreds of Jane Harrison's letters, Gilbert Murray urged her not to use them for conventional biography; instead 'what you want to give is the impression of a character very completely, and in a form that can be remembered'. I think she has succeeded in carrying out this behest. True, the arrangement and documentation are not always coherent. True, too, that some of us would have liked to know more of her heroine's personal life. Yet a great personality does emerge. Jane Harrison's letters show some trace of that archness which often infects women who do not live with men, but it is insignificant beside the impression the reader gets of a courageous, ardent, brilliantly intelligent humanist. Indeed, this book convinces one that with individuals too fine for cant or hypocrisy, human beings are as great as they hold themselves to be.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

New Novels

A Guest and His Going. By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape.* 16s.
Fandango Rock. By JOHN MASTERS. *Joseph.* 16s
The House in Vienna. By EDITH DE BORN. *Chapman & Hall.* 15s.

Mr Newby's novel is a comedy, with more than a hint of fantasy, about an Egyptian who is in London as a guest of the British Council at the time of the Suez crisis. Muawiya, the Egyptian, fears that his reputation in Egypt will suffer if he remains unpersecuted. Accordingly, he smashes a car in Park Lane and takes refuge in the Egyptian Embassy. Then he comes out to give a party. The only person who threatens to call the police is another Egyptian. Persevering, Muawiya attends a public debate opposes the motion that 'All men are brothers', and issues terrible threats of Egyptian vengeance. He gets a friendly hearing and is given time to escape. One disappointment follows another. Because his motives are concealed, Muawiya appears outrageous and impossible. In fact he is quite calm, untouched by the embarrassment and near-hysteria he touches off in others, a hysteria which echoes the wider disturbance which involves them all. Perry, the principal of a school of English, worrying about Muawiya and middle age and passion, reaches a crisis in relations with his frigid wife. Hillingdon, who owns the school building, passes from a neurotic interest in ancient Egyptian lore to a psychotic xenophobia.

Mr Newby writes with an ease which conceals the utmost care and economy. He is wonderfully and intelligently inventive, and organises his materal so well that this complex story, with its many layers of interest, never strains the reader. He manages continually to surprise, though on examination it is seen that he has left clues everywhere so quiet is his manner. Occasionally, however, a development seems imposed from without; and perhaps the element of fantasy is a little too strong. But this humane comedy is one of the best things Mr Newby has done.

Mr John Masters has temporarily abandoned India and the Savage family and turned his attention to Spain. *Fandango Rock* tells of the troubles that come to a poor but proud town in Aragon when an American Air Force base is built next to it. Rapes are rare and the Americans are generally anxious to be liked. But every public relations scheme ends in dicaster, including the 'double-header': a fiesta with an American queen, a fair with a Spanish queen. The Spaniards despise the Americans, cheat them, refer to the base as the Yankee Ghetto. But above all they fear the Americans for their influence, their blue jeans, Coca-Cola, rock and roll. A secret right-wing organisation, devoted to preserving the old Spain, bitterly notes every sign of American influence and does all it can to create ill-will between town and camp. It steals holy relics, desecrates statues and spreads rumours Th's organisation is led by Don Cesar Aguirre. He is a nobleman, young, handsome, strong, arrogant. He drives a Hispano Suiza and is an accomplished matador: clearly a marked man. The daughter of the American PRO falls in love with him, and he with her. Alas for the Aguirres — 'Whenever there has been change in Spain for the past five hundred years, some Aguirre been standing in the way' — Cesar's sister is also in love with an American, a master from Huron Corners, New York. Another double-header.

The ingredients of novel are as banal as one could wish, yet *Fandango Rock* is so intensely readable that it soon numbs the critical sense. Masters is a brilliant storyteller. He is wholly sincere and his enthusiasm is irresistible. This enthusiasm extends not only to his glittering two-dimensional characters and their unchanging ideal of skill in the arts of love and war. It extends, far more deeply, to the country he is writing about. He needs the stimulus of the dark, the romantic, the utterly alien. Below the story level, his novels are explorations not of character but of country, and he makes these explorations exciting. He is always anxious to understand. He has a feeling for history, for change. This gives a certain quality even to his poorest work. It also accounts for his unevenness and variety, from the plain adventure of *The Deceivers* to the subtleties of *Bhowani Junction* to the comic-book vulgarity of *Coromandel!* If in *Fandango Rock* the exploration is not so exciting it is because we are on less unfamiliar ground. The bullfight, the Catholic faith, Spanish pride, have been explored too often.

The House in Vienna is the second volume of a trilogy and tells of young love in the Vienna 1926. It is very well written but, perhaps because I missed the first volume, I found the decaying city more interesting than the people, and the subsidiary characters more interesting than Maria, the narrator. Her involvement with the handsome cad Luis de Neira, her unrequited love for the handsome, silent, passionate Wieland, and the unhandsome Benny's (the name gives him away) unrequited love for her, failed to grip me. The background deserved a less conventional, or less obtrusive, story.

In *A Gift from the Boys* Mr Art ('Caviar') Buchwald — as his publishers call him — has written a racy and hilarious first novel which should make perfect holiday reading. Frank Bartlett (né Bartelini), a leading American gangster, is deported from the United States to his native Sicily. The Italian police 'play rough'. Bartlett also finds that he is expected to carry on a family vendetta. He is kidnapped by a local bandit and runs into trouble with the Mafia. As he suffers one humiliation after another, Bartlett wins the reader's sympathies. Tragedy seems inevitable. But Mr Buchwald rescues his hero in time and gives him a pretty girl into the bargain. The novel leaves a bitter taste, and the happy end is not entirely convincing. But who cares?

V. S. NAIPAUL

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Shorter Reviews

The Seven Fat Years. By JOHN BROOKS. *Gollancz. 18s.*

Wall Street is a magic phrase, political shorthand of the most potent kind. But, of all those who invoke it, only a tiny majority could coherently explain what happens there. Mr Brooks is not primarily concerned with finance as a system of power, with the complex web of money, industry, commerce and government, but with the particular operations of the brokers, underwriters, investors, forecasters and promoters who make livings, and sometimes fortunes, on the Street.

Here are seven clearly written and fascinating studies of these men — the style and pitch are those of the *New Yorker*, in which these chapters originally appeared — and they offer a revealing and somewhat acid commentary on the manners and morals of the big money men. Mr Brooks describes Robert Young's great proxy fight to gain control of the New York Central railroad, the floating of a huge stock issue by General Motors; the launching of the Ford shares on the market; a mutual investment trust; the work of a market forecaster who depends exclusively on predictions derived from elaborate mathematical charts; the nail-biting life of a specialist broker; and the hazards of selling bonds by public auction. The result is not a comprehensive guide to Wall Street, but a humorous and most readable profile of some of the men behind the resonant abstraction. N. M.

Religion and the Scientists. Edited by MERVYN STOCKWOOD. *S.C.M. Press. 5s.*

Last year the vicar of Cambridge University Church, now Bishop of Southwark, invited several Cambridge scientists to speak on religion as seen from the angle of science. They proved sympathetic, exasperated or neutral. 'Not much that is essential has either contributed to the other' (Professor N. F. Mott); Christianity clings to incredible stories, archaic language, antiquated dogmas (Dr R. H. Thouless); 'I am a member of the Church of England' (Dr M. L. Cartwright). Unexpected cosmological help is offered to religion: miracles may occur, for in an enormous number of events there must be some statistically improbable ones, perhaps caused by an infinite intelligence (Sir George Thomson); a 'deep laid scheme' may be behind the 'apparently random quirks' by which complex atoms come from inside the stars, perhaps 'deliberately designed to promote the origin of life' (Professor Fred Hoyle): there is 'clear evidence of a plan' in nature (Dr C. F. A. Pantin).

Such language in theologians would be called anthropomorphic. The scientists unexpectedly affirm teleology and free-will, on naturalistic, not metaphysical, grounds. Only Professor F. G. Young tackles the question by modern linguistic methods; religion, he says, is 'an aesthetically-satisfying pattern of prejudice', or 'the emotional background to thought', and its symbols should be pruned to 'the minimum needed for conveying information or impression'. Some of the others, learned in their own fields, seem unacquainted with modern philosophy and theology. H. L. S.

The Shop Stewards' Movement and Workers' Control 1910—1922. By BRANKO PRIBICEVIC. *Blackwell. 25s.*

When in doubt, choose a book about Britain by a foreigner. Mr Pribicevic, unlike many British experts writing about their subject, assumes that his readers will know little about the engineering shop stewards and workers' control except what they can read in his book, and though this assumption is doubtless made for the benefit of Yugoslavs, it is also true of Englishmen. He has therefore produced a clear and useful work, which suffers only from its ambiguous position somewhere between the historical and analytical approaches. The author brings out clearly the peculiarities of the engineering industry as compared with the mines and railways (those other contemporary centres of labour radicalism), and is admirably lucid on the forces and ideas which provided left-wing leadership in 1910—22, notably the industrial unionists and syndicalists.

He shows clearly that, for both the militant activists and the rank-and-file, 'workers' control' was unreal. The militants did not know what they meant by it, except that capitalism must be overthrown for the benefit of the workers. Most of them turned to Communism in the end, which was logical, for their real concern was with class power. The rank-and-file did not care what it meant, so long as it gave their representatives a greater say in the determination of conditions in the workshop. The slogan died with the militant movement of those years and has remained dead ever since. About 'workers' control' itself Mr Pribicevic is also sensible, holding *(a)* that it cannot possibly seek to *replace* hierarchical management and decision-making and *(b)* that it ought probably not to be conducted through the trade unions. There is a touching and reasoned *credo* by the late G. D. H. Cole, in the guise of a Foreword. Altogether a concise and valuable work. E. J. H.

Week-End Competition

No. 1,530 Set by Heliotrope

A Member of Parliament may, during his term of office, be called upon to speak on diverse occasions. The usual prizes are offered for a stock speech which could be used at all or any one of the following: the crowning of a May Queen, a debate on cruel sports, a Nato conference on atomic powered submarines, or the opening of a church bazaar. Limit 120 words; entries by Monday, 29 June.

Result of No. 1,527 Set by Macskell

Competitors are invited to compose — in the manner of Milton, Browning, Whitman, Gilbert or Eliot — the soliloquy of a party-leader during a 'Meet the People' tour of the provinces. Limit, 16 lines.

Report

Whatever the poetic mode, party leaders thought about us the people much as you'd expect. Eliot party leaders were learned, quoting Petrarch, Villon, Vigny, Alfonso Reyes, Laforgue. Aged eagles, they stretched their wings appropriately:

> Here is no dinner but only ham salad
> Salad and ham and the pale dressing
> The cruet standing among the bottles
> Which are bottles of sauce without comfort.
> (B. R. Davis)

> In the room an agent whispers low:
> 'He comes of crofter stock, you know.'
> Now how shall I begin
> To explain away the writing on the wall
> To him with truculent and stubbly chin
> Whose income in the midst of plenty has grown thin?
> I shall say: 'Things are not bad at all,
> Things really are not bad at all.'
> (Peter Veale)

Gilberts disappointed. The best was Allan M. Laing's

> And I hope that they will say
> When (thank God!) I walk away
> 'If this good chap behaves himself so much like you and me,
> Why, what a very democratic chap this democratic chap must be!'

Milton defeated all except those who remained faithful to familiar texts, of which the best was G. J. Blundell, though I liked Barbara Roe's

> Come, suave Hypocrisy,
> To misquote and dissimulate proceed;
> The populace mislead
> In shifting mists of ambiguity.

Browning, too, proved difficult but G. J. Blundell (again) struck the right note with his excellent opening line, 'Shut door! Doff mask! Phew those crowds stifle one!', as did Douglas Hawson:

> Now there's the last hand shaken, babe kissed,
> The last bore suffered, final heckler flattened,
> But when we're smoothest, relaxed,
> crest o' the wave,
> Comes the failure-feeling, the small I wonder.

Whitmans were good. Vera Telfer turned a famous line to excellent account by ending her verses with 'I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained', and R. F. Lewis began very well indeed:

> Of myself I sang!
> The woman thrusting her milky babe to my lips heard my song
> The labourer with his sweet hand-grasp heard me sing
> My song of Democracy!

All the above are honourably mentioned. From an unusually interesting entry I choose the verses that follow (a Whitman, an Eliot and a Browning) for prizes.

A SONG OF MYSELF

> I hear Britannia ruling with the voice of God, I hear it,
> As I travel the open road on this fearful trip through varied constituencies,
> Sounding my windy yawp over the sails of the floating voters.
> I announce the great Platform, fluid as milk, something for everyone, slightly daring towards the tail end;
> I announce a life better than which you have never had it even now;
> And I announce a retirement pension plan actuarily dubious but totally irresistible.
> In the faces of men and women I see mild amusement
> As I stumble through farmyards, fishmarkets, slagheaps, garrulous to the very last.
> I believe a gutted codfish is the masterwork of Albion,
> And a gelded bullcalf a staggering seed of perfection.
> Behold! I love you O you great men and women! O I salute you multitudes of God!
> Whether you love me in return or not, I give myself, I engulf you and am engulfed,
> Shut not your doors to me, proud voters; I am your servant and master;
> I swear there is no difference to me O cities — O cities sure-voting and undeceivable!
> Poll, poll thy best miraculous Britannia!
> Nothing can happen more beautiful than election

GERALD PRIESTLAND

EXTRACT FROM 'LITTLE BIDDING'

> Tories rule or Labour rules:
> I have heeded neither Gallup polls nor mass observation,
> Nor heard what *The Times* and the *Telegraph* tell us.
> For here in the hard North, where more is meant than is mentioned,
> I have seen a swing of half per cent. in a handful of spinners,
> And sensed defeat in a gathering of galleymen.
> And I have calculated all the odds already,
> Tormented by a hundred hints and guesses, heeding
> Neither those who had had enough of waiting in the autumn,
> Nor the gossip column and the publicity man in spring.
>
> They love me they love me not they love me they love me not
> They love me not I say. And in this land
> There should be two votes to each spoiled paper.
>
> For here, where the beginning of every speech
> Has a different kind of ending, history is not made,
> Only remembered... This is pulp that was my hand.

CHRISTINE GREENFIELD

COMPANY MEETING

MARKS and SPENCER, LIMITED

Sales exceed £134,000,000

"St. Michael" Brand a Household Word: 99% British Goods and Materials

Technological Approach to Merchandise: Transformation of Stores

The thirty-third Annual General Meeting was held on 11 June at 67, Baker Street, London W.1. Sir Simon Marks, D. Sc., Hon. F. R. C. S. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) who presided said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: This is the first Annual General Meeting to take place in the new offices.

It is my sad duty to report the death of Mrs Spencer, which occurred on March 1st last in her ninety-ninth year. She was the widow of Thomas Spencer, who was taken into partnership by my father, Michael Marks, in 1894. Michael Marks had started his own business, the original Penny Bazaar, ten years earlier. When he was joined by Tom Spencer there came into being the firm of Marks and Spencer with a joint capital of £753. From this small beginning has grown the organisation on which I have the privilege to report today. Agnes Spencer retained her interest in the progress of the Company and in 1957 she made a magnificent gift to the Marks and Spencer Benevolent Trust as a measure of her interest in the well-being of our staff. I ask you to rise in honour of her memory.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Our Profit for the year after Tax has amounted to £7,709,000 compared with £6,193,000 last year, an increase of £1,516,000. We have provided £7,350,000 for taxation against £7,950,000 last year. The total amount available for distribution is £9,921,000 which includes £2,212,000 brought forward from last year.

The Directors recommend a Final Dividend on the Ordinary and 'A' Ordinary Shares of 25%, making with the Interim Dividend of 12½% a total for the year of 37½% against 32½% last year. After the payment of dividends and appropriations as set out in the Directors' Report, there will remain a balance of £2,491,000 in the Profit and Loss Account to be carried forward to next year. The Revenue Reserves will then total £13,491,000 while the Capital Reserve remains at £19,323,000.

We propose to capitalise the sum of £3,618,793 from the General Reserve to enable a Scrip Issue to be made on the basis of one 'A' Ordinary Share for each five Ordinary or 'A' Ordinary Shares.

PROPERTIES

Our expenditure during the year on the acquisition of sites and the development of Stores amounted to £3,632,000 of which £1,051,000 has been charged as Repairs and Maintenance.

CASH

Our cash balances and our holding of Tax Reserve Certificates total £10,549,000 compared with £6,778,000 last year.

GENERAL SURVEY

The growth of the Company is once again revealed by the results presented in the Annual Report. Not only has the volume of business attained the record figure of £134,000,000 compared with £130,000,000 the previous year, but the net profits have also reached a new high level at £7,700,000 compared to £6,200,000 in the previous year. Thanks to the reduction in the Profits Tax and in the standard rate of income tax made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his last two budgets, the net profits have benefited considerably. This is the first substantial relief in taxation that we have enjoyed since 1939.

The cumulative investment year by year in the acquisition of properties and their gradual development into fine modern stores is bearing fruit. The most significant feature of this policy is that the finance required has been drawn from retained earings which do not carry any interest charge. Each year, a considerable extension of selling space is created which enables us to display an expanding range and variety of merchandise clearly and attractively. Our customers can select their goods in greater comfort, guided by a trained and courteous staff.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL APPROACH TO MERCHANDISE

The Directors, executives and technologists and their staffs are continuously engaged on the problems of how to improve the quality of materials, their performance value and the styling of our goods to satisfy yet more fully the requirements of the public. The quest for improvement is endless. Twenty-three years ago, in 1936, we established our Merchandise Research and Development section to aid us in this endeavour. Progress in this field was halted by the war, but when hostilities ceased, the activities of this section were resumed with a new impetus. A team of technologists was engaged to study the problems involved in adapting the growing variety of new and untried man-made fibres to our needs.

We are in close touch with the great basic textile firms which deal with the fundamental problems of their industry. It is the task of our technologists to keep abreast of all developments in that field which bear upon the quality and value of our goods. The work has been expanded to cope with the wealth of materials, fabrics and finishes now at our disposal. Our technologists establish quality standards and performance specifications with our suppliers and they collaborate in ensuring the necessary process control and testing during all stages of manufacturing. The practical effects of their efforts are to be seen in the many new and interesting fabrics which have already been incorporated in our ST. MICHAEL garments. There is no doubt but that the development work which has been carried out has shortened the path between the advent of the new man-made fibres and the production of the kind and quality of goods which we believe our public want. It enables our merchandising staff to select new and better goods and to organise their production with speed and assurance. The confidence in our goods on the part of our customers, who are most discerning in their purchases, is cause for much satisfaction to your Board. The goodwill of the public is one of our greatest assets, which we prize most highly. A large proportion of ST. MICHAEL garments today are made of fabrics entirely unknown to the public but a few years ago. Nylon, Terylene, Orlon, Acrilan, Tricel, etc. now fill many of our counters and racks, adding novelty and variety to the traditional fabrics Wool and Cotton. They, in their turn, have been given new properties which improve their performance in wear and have eased the burden of washing and ironing. These new fabrics are becoming increasingly available to the public at prices well within their reach.

NEW LOWER PRICE CAMPAIGN

It has always been our policy to pass over to the public the benefits which accrue from lower raw material costs or more efficient methods of manufacture or from both. Our suppliers are in agreement with us in giving effect to this policy and they co-operate most closely. Our "New Lower Price" campaign, which aroused great public interest when launched last year has continued with a series of important price reductions. The measure of the gain to our customers is that since the beginning of this campaign in 1958 they have saved over £4,000,000 on their purchases for the same goods in our Stores. We have done more than stabilise our prices, we have substantially reduced many of them. It is not price cutting but sound business commonsense to extend to the public the results of efficient business operation. In this way our policy of better goods at lower and inexpensive prices makes a definite contribution to the cost of living and to the raising of living standards.

FOOD DIVISION

The Food Division continued to make good progress during the year. We work in close association with our friends who are among the leading suppliers in the land. Our executives and technologists co-operate most effectively with them and together they have established high standards of quality for the specialised foodstuffs we sell. At all times we emphasise the importance of strict attention to hygiene and cleanliness in the Stores and in the factories. The social responsibility involved in this policy is recognised as of fundamental importance by all those concerned. There is no doubt that our customers greatly appreciate our efforts in this direction.

CONTROL OF OPERATING COSTS

The efficiency of our organisation has benefited greatly from our efforts during the past three years in bringing under control the costs of operating the business. Since 1956 when we instituted our Good Housekeeping campaign we have substantially reduced the level of these costs, while the turnover has continued to increase. In my speech last year I told you that we were in process of transferring the administration into new offices in Baker Street. In March of this year that move was completed. Our Head Office staff, responsible for buying and administration, have been brought together under one roof for the first time in twenty years. The move into one building provides us with the opportunity of still further streamlining our operations.

STORE DEVELOPMENT

The size and the character of the building projects we have evolved since the war are costly and take a considerable time to complete. They are important buildings and are notable landmarks in the shopping areas where they are situated. It will require substantial investment year by year to carry out the policy of expansion we have in mind. As in the past these funds will be found from earnings retained in the business. During the year we completed eleven major extensions involving considerable rebuilding and have in hand fifteen further substantial projects. New important schemes will be added to the list as soon as the necessary plans are completed.

TRIBUTE TO MANUFACTURERS

I am glad to pay tribute to our manufacturers for their splendid co-operation during the past year. They realise that our trade mark, ST. MICHAEL, stands high in the esteem of the public as the symbol of good taste, quality and value. It is with satisfaction that I can say that our friends have helped us not only to maintain but to enhance the prestige of ST. MICHAEL which has become a household word. Our policy has always been to encourage British production to the utmost. It is a source of great pride to us that we can state that 99% of our goods and the materials used in them are of British manufacture. The knowledge that the development of our Stores year after year affords an expanding outlet for their production has encouraged our friends to install the latest machinery on a considerable scale. It is only by keeping their plants and equipment up-to-date that they can help us to satisfy the increasing demand of our customers.

TRIBUTE TO STAFF

It is with pleasure that I acclaim the fine spirit of service shown by our staff whether at Head Office or in dealing directly with the public in the Stores. I am always impressed by the friendliness which exists between our sales ladies and their customers. Their high standard of service greatly contributes to the reputation of the Company. We are concerned at all times with the well-being of the staff. We provide good pay and bonuses supplemented by welfare amenities on an impressive scale. This policy has led to the high degree of labour stability we enjoy and to the growing numbers who complete 25 years service with us. Our staff know that when the time comes for retirement, appropriate provision will be made through our Pension and Benevolent Funds and that their well-being will still be the concern of your Company.

I ask you to join with me in thanking the members of our staff, both present and past, for their loyalty and devotion to our Company.

FACING THE TURNCOATS

Just for a handful of silver they'd leave me,
Just for a bonus they'd turn their coat.
Today — ah, today they firmly believe me,
Pledge me their heart, their soul, their vote.
But next week Another will come to
beguile them
With bait a shade gaudier, oaths a thought
stronger:
More sedulous he to flatter and smile them,
To hook them and play them the least
while longer.

I promise them just what the morrow may
give them:
He warrants them wealth in the sweet
by-and-by.
They choose my bread this week,
but next — God forgive them —
They'll fall for his vision of pie in the sky.
I, from the people, who know them
and love them,
Will go on my way rejected, alone.
He, standing always aloof and above them,
Will rise on their shoulders to stand by
the throne.

HILARY

City Lights

Universal Suffrage?

Civilisation produces odd specialisms. The City maintains its own priesthood of financial moralists, strange men, journalists, investment managers and the like, impersonalities who have lived with it long enough to be accepted and have yet remained sufficiently aloof from its dominant emotion to exact respect, people whose business or whose hobby it is to manufacture principles for a community which lives by instinct, the uncomfortable luxury of a society in which robber barons constantly, gently, pass into the DNB.

The long, wearisome campaign which these moralists have been waging against non-voting shares seems at last to be producing its effect. Ownership does not necessarily imply responsibility: a large number of companies have now equipped themselves with two classes of shareholder, classes which enjoy identical dividend rights and theoretically identical capital rights, but of which one possesses either a monopoly or a quite disproportionate share of the voting power. It is not difficult to see why this has happened. Most companies begin as small, family-controlled affairs; as they grow, particularly when they grow rapidly, more and more shares issued and the proportionate holding of the directors gradually decreases; their seats, particularly if bidders are likely to be on the prowl, are no longer as safe they were. The alternative to this intolerable choice between security and growth is to go in for non-voting shares: when new shares have to be issued, either to the public to raise capital or to the owners of other businesses which are being acquired, see to it that they carry no votes; you can the make the best of both worlds, and a few directorial shares — let Marks and Spencer be your example — can carry absolute control over a vast empire.

Directors and shareholders are different sorts of animal, and what suits one will seldom suit the other. Shareholders, admittedly, are a lazy, greedy lot who think they have only to do what the bank manager advises and then watch the money coming in; in most cases, as long as they get their dividends, they don't give a damn for the vote — they'd never attend the meeting in any case. But something turns up, every now and again, to shake even then laziest of them. There was Carreras, a case in which a bid took the price of the few family-held voting shares up from 30s to 110s, while the price of the much larger number of non-voting shares — equal dividend rights, but the bidder was not interested — remained exactly where it had always been.

Most shareholders are too busy to be the diligent, inquiring supervisers of their property which new Tory theory would have them be: institutional shareholders, however, insurance companies and investment trusts in particular, have all the time in the world to brood over the principles of the priesthood and, occasionally, when it is clear that principle is no more than long-term prudence, to carry them into practice. Two or three years ago, after much discussion, the institutions inaugurated a public campaign against non-voting shares and have been pressing it quietly but firmly ever since; it is only a couple of weeks since insurance shareholders of one company blocked the board's proposal to take power to make a scrip issue in non-voters, and this sort of thing is now going on unobtrusively all the time. Some companies, responding to these pressures, have already enfranchised their non-voting shareholders: British Home Stores, to take a biggish example, did it a couple of years ago, and Rotary Hoes has just proclaimed its intention of doing it. The possibility, moreover, has now become an interesting point for speculation in a speculative market. Jaguar non-voting shares have had a good rise on the hope that they might be enfranchised, while Great Universal *voters* have had a better rise for the same reason — the reasoning in this case being that if the non-voters are enfranchised the voters will give themselves a bonus in recognition of their generosity.

The Committee of the Birmingham Stock Exchange dropped a plump stone into this muddy pool last week by announcing that it would refuse in future, except in special cases, to grant a quotation to non-voting shares of companies whose principal market was in Birmingham. Granted the let-out, the fact that no provincial market is all that important, and the even more obvious fact that any company affected will immediately move somewhere where the rules are less finnicky, this is still a brave decision. The London Stock Exchange, which declared two years ago that it disapproved of non-voting shares but could not deny a quotation to companies which were acting within their legal rights (oh! those quotation fees!), may yet show a spark of life.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

Odhams Press

SALES WELL MAINTAINED

The 39th annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Ltd, was held on 12 June in London.

Mr A. C. Duncan, F. C. A., chairman, in the course of his speech, said: Our gross revenue amounted to £36,231,795, an increase of £1,041,090. The Net Profit, subject to Taxation, amounts to £1,995,521.

The sales of our newspapers and periodicals are still well maintained at over 23 million copies a week. The circulations, in terms of readership, as the I.P.A. survey shows, are many times greater. The continued support of our advertisers is one of the best tributes to the value of this great coverage.

Since the date of the Accounts under review, we have issued £628,572 Ordinary Share Capital for the purpose of acquiring the business of the Hulton Press Ltd., publishers of *Farmers Weekly*, *Housewife*, *Eagle* and kindred children's periodicals, as well as other properties, all of which should strengthen our organisation. More recently, we have made an offer for the Ordinary Share Capital of George Newnes, Ltd, which has been recommended to their shareholders for acceptance by the Board of this long-established and prosperous publishing company.

With regard to the current year, trading conditions have continued to be satisfactory, although competition continues to be increasingly keen, whilst so far no worthwhile reduction in prime costs has been obtainable.

We have always endeavoured to maintain, and, in fact, have enjoyed, happy relations with our works employees and it is our sincere and earnest hope that the printing dispute will be decided by arbitration.

The report and accounts were adopted and at a subsequent extraordinary general meeting the proposed increase of capital to £7,500,000, was approved.

The Chess Board

No. 501, 50°/₀ R&P: + or — =

"Gibberish in the very headline," may well moan some kindly readers who assured me that they like to look at the first dozen lines of my piece, dropping it only "when the gibberish and the diagrams come on." They are no chess-players, of course, whereas to us chessists my headline simply conveys the obvious fact proved by statistics that half of all the endgames are Rook-and-Pawn endings; and the even more obvious fact that we either win, lose, or draw them. But the question remains how to make the best of them, and here we could hardly expect any better guidance than *Smyslov* can offer us, a pastmaster of endgames generally and R&P endings in particular. Together with his equally erudite grandmaster-colleague *Loewenfisch* he has written a book about the subject, and the German edition *Theorie der Turmendspiele* has just appeared. (*W. de Gruyter & Co.*, DM 12.80.) Even though the book contains 257 diagrams on 192 pp. the authors modestly disclaim it being a comprehensive textbook for R&P endings: to serve that purpose, they say, it would have to be thrice its size. All they aimed to do—and they've done it superbly well—is to convey the basic ideas in dealing with the various types of R&P endings, according to the number of pawns, the position of the Kings and so on. Here, (Kotov-Eliskases, 1952) we have an instructive example of how to use an enemy P as protection against vertical R-checks. /4k3/1R6/5P2/4K1p1/5r2/24/. After (1) . . . R-B7 Kotov continued; (2) K-K6!, R-K7ch; (3) K-B5, P-Kt4; (4) K-Kt6!, R-KB7; (5) P-B7 ch, K-B1; (6) R-Kt3 ch and won. No doubt, Kotov knew his Grigoriev and had gainfully studied that great composer's classical piece on the subject. /5k2/3R4/3K1P2/8/3p4/6r1/43P3/. By (1) K-Q5?, R-Kt7; (2) R-K7, R-B7, etc., White wouldn't achieve more than a draw, his only way to win being (1) P-K4!, PxP e.p.; (2) K-K6, K-Kt1; (3) P-B7 ch! (R-Q8 ch?), K-Kt2; (4) R-Q8! (K-K7?), R-B6; (5) R-Kt8 ch, K-R2! (K-R3?); (6) R-Kt2! (R-Kt1?), R-B5; (7) K-K7, R-K5 ch; (8) K-B6, R-B5 ch; (9) K-K6! [and now Black, practically in zugzwang, has no good move left], K-R3; (10) K-K7, R-K5 ch; (11) K-B8!, K-R2 (forced); (12) R-R2 ch, K-Kt3; (13) K-Kt8, R-KB5, (14) R-Kt2 ch! and wins, while (14) P = Q merely draws. I shall have to revert to this useful book more than once; meanwhile, just to show that even a grandmaster may well overlook one of those tactical chances frequently arising in R&P endings, here is a position which Tarrasch (White against Blümich in 1925) resigned. /24/R6P/1r6/1k6/8/. He had worked out the obvious conclusion (1) P-R6, R-Kt3; (2) R-KR5, P-R7; (3) P-R7, R-Kt1; (4) R-QR5, P = Q; (5) RxQ, KxR; (6) K-Kt4, R-KR1, etc. What he had overlooked was that by deviating on his 4th move he had a very clever resource to force the draw. And that might as well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

B and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins, the former quite a bargain thanks to my useful hint that what matters first for certain reasons is to force the Black K on to his 7th.

B: V. & M. Platov. /8/4RP2/4K3/16/8/5/8/5r2/.
C: B. Horwitz. /16/6P1/8/5p1k/r7/6K1/2R5/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 29 June.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF FOOD TECHNOLOGY
Cranwood Street, City Road, London, EC1
Principal: J. D. Mounfield, M Sc. Tech., Ph.D, FRIC

Applications are invited from qualified candidates for the post of Librarian. A new residential College, now almost completed at Weybridge, Surrey, will come into use October next and the candidate appointed will be expected to take up his duties there and to organise new Library.

Salary scale: £ 900×£50 to £1,150. £1,150.

Application forms (obtainable from the College) should be sent to the Principal as soon as possible.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITALS FOR NERVOUS DISEASES

Applications are invited for the appointment of a

PSYCHOLOGIST

to give assistance to the Senior Psychologist at The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, WC1. The appointment is full-time. An Honours Degree (or equivalent qualification) in Psychology is essential, and post-graduate research experience in experimental or clinical psychology would be an advantage.

The appointment is for a period of one year in the first instance. Salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to be sent to the Secretary, The National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, WC1, not later than 30 June, 1959.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Fellow or Senior Fellow in Law. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Law in the Research School of Social Sciences. The salary range of a Fellowship is from £A1,793 to £2,563, and of a Senior Fellowship from £A2,553 to £3,063; increments for Fellow are £70 per annum, Senior Fellow £85 per annum. The successful applicant will, in the first place, be appointed at a salary and an incremental limit fixed within those ranges by reference to his standing and experience. Appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The appointee will be required to pursue research projects in his own specialty, to supervise or assist in the supervision of students, and to co-operate with other Departments of the School as appropriate. He will be expected to have a general competence in English law, and to have or acquire a knowledge of Australian law so far as different. He will also be expected to take an interest in the history of his special field, and in general legal theory. Some preference may be given to applicants whose special interests lie in Evidence, Procedure, Torts, Conflicts, or some combination of those fields. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years (if a Senior Fellow) or every seven years (if a Fellow). Superannuation on the FSSU pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of London — Goldsmiths' College Training Department. Applications are invited for the post of Secretarial Assistant in the Goldsmiths' College Office to start on 1 September, 1959. Principal duties secretary to Deputy Registrar Salary scale with maximum at present £ 605. 16. 0d. Pensionable post. Applications (three copies) to Warden, Goldsmiths' College, SE 14, from whom further details of duties and terms of service may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Senate invites applications for the appointment of STAFF TUTOR under the Tutorial Classes Committee. Applicants should have high academic qualifications in relevant fields to assist in the development of adult education, particularly among trade unionists. The appointment, according to the experience of the candidate, may be either as Staff Tutor, salary scale £900×50 — £1,350 and then, subject to review, by annual increments of £75 to £1,650, plus £60 London Allowance, or Staff Tutor (Junior), salary £700×50 — £850 plus £60 London Allowance, the initial salary in both instances being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Family allowances are paid and the post carries membership of PSSU. Particulars from the Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, (Room 245), University of London, Senate House, WC1. Application forms to be submitted before 6 July.

A HOUSEFATHER for Pestalozzi Children's Village for initial intake of 11 to 15 year olds from D.P. camps required for early September. Applicants should be able to organise leisure time pursuits, assist with the teaching of English and supplement the general education which the children will receive, initially, at local schools. Accommodation for single man. Salary £600 per annum plus board residence. Details and form of application (6-cap s.a.e.) from Hon. Secretary, PCVT, Battle, Sussex, to be returned by 30 June 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT — continued

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.
2 LECTURESHIPS IN PHILOSOPHY.
Applications are invited for the above positions. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500-80-£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 25 July, 1959.

UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE TUTOR-ORGANISER IN ADULT EDUCATION
Applications are invited for the above post. The appointment carries the status of a lecturer in the University. Salary scale: £A1580-80-2060, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. Copies of the general conditions of appointment of sub-professorial staff in the University and of a statement issued for the information of candidates may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 or to the Registar. The University has an arrangement with the life assurance companies participating in the University Superannuation System under which the Company will advance up to 90% of its valuation for the purchase of a house; details will be supplied on request to the Register. Applications in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment should reach the Registar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, by 15 July, 1959.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL invite applications for the following appointments: —
(a) Two CHILD CARE OFFICERS. Salary £765—£880. Required for new posts as seniors of teams of three. Applicants should be qualified and have good experience of work in Children's Departments.
(b) CHILD CARE OFFICER (woman). Salary £610-£765. Based on Luton. Applicants should preferably hold recognised qualification for post.
Applications forms and further details from Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 29th June.

THE John Lewis Partnership, an experiment in industrial democracy in which the ownership of the business, mainly department stores, is held by a Trust on behalf of all the thirteen thousand workers, expects in the near future to have one or more vacancies for women between the ages of 30 and 50 who will hold the appointment of Registrar. In the operation of the Partnership system and its democratic institutions the Registrars play a vital part. As a representative of the Central Management the Registrar works as a colleague of the local Head of the Branch. Among other duties she has charge of all personnel documentation and should be available for consultation and advice to every member in the Branch. Women of personality with high qualities of intelligence and strength of character are needed. Some administrative experience is very desirable and a university degree is an advantage. Willingness to accept posting outside London is essential. Starting pay at least £850 rising when fully established to not less than £1,000 within a salary range up to £1,500. For exceptional candidates higher starting salary rates would be considered. Five weeks holiday in addition to public holidays. Non-contributory pension and sick pay schemes. Applications, giving details of education and previous experience, should be addressed to the Director of Personnel John Lewis & Co. Ltd., Oxford Street, London W1, to arrive by the 1 July. Candidates selected to come for interview may expect to hear by the 25 July.

MIDDLESEX Country Council Education Committee. Maria Grey College 300 St. Margaret's Road Twickenham. Wanted at the postgraduate department in Brondesbury, NW6, for the 1959—60 session, graduates with good teaching experience to give part-time help with supervision of teaching practice, in History, German, Classics, and possibly Geography. Applications and/or enquiries to the Principal of the College at 300 St Margaret's Road, Twickenham, Middlesex. C. E. Garr, Chief Education Officer and Clerk to the Governors.

THE University of Liverpool. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Application are invited for the following posts: (a) Research Worker to undertake research on Social aspects of adult education. Candidates must be graduates in Social Science or Philosophy. The salary scale is £700×£50-£850 per annum. (b) Staff Tutor in Science. The salary is £900 to £1,650 per annum Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 27 June 1959 by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LECTURER reqd on Basic Economics, Current Affairs & Self-Expression, to Staffs of Industrial Organisations in London & Home Counties. Adequate training given to man with suitable education & background. Box 9198.

AUTHOR requires typing service from recorded tapes. Box 9248.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT — continued

LIBRARIANS. Pensionable posts for men or women at (1) Joint Intelligence Bureau Library, London, and (2) Western Command Library, Chester. Age at least 22 on 1. 6. 59. Qualifications: Fellowship or Associateship of Library Association, or diploma of London University School of Librarianship. Experience of library work, and knowledge of European languages advantages for post (1). London salary (men) £675 (25 or over) rising initially to £1,085, with promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4997/59. Closing date 25 Jun 1959.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Trade Union Organiser in London. (Possibly two vacancies). Initiative and good personality essential. TU background and previous experience desirable. Minimum salary £750 p.a. rising by annual increments, may be increased for special qualifications. Generous pension scheme. Application forms from The National Union of Bank Employees, 28, Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Department of Economics and Social Science. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Research Assistant in Social Science. Salary £675 p.a. The appointment is for one year but may be renewable for a further two years. Duties will include work on personnel management and social administration problems. Experience of interviewing and of statistical method will be an advantage. Applications (six copies) should be submitted to the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, not later than 30 June, 1959.

PART-time tutors required in English for Continental pupils in Denmark Hill. 15 hours per week, mornings only. £4.4.0. per week remuneration. Write to Box 9227.

HEAD of Department of Liberal Studies at Police College, Ryton-on-Dunsmore, Nr Coventry. This Home Office post, recently made a pensionable appointment, graduate aged at least 30 capable of organising and sharing in the teaching and tutorial study of English History, Current Affairs, Social Studies, etc. Experience of University teaching or adult education, including lecturing, essential: knowledge of police organisation desirable. Salary £1,650. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4990/59. Closing date 30 June, 1959.

WANTED: 2 Technicians for Psychiatric Research Unit. 20 minutes from New York City. Salary $4,000 up. Accommodation, food, laundry — $500 per year. Also 2 Nurses for ward, salary as above. Yearly increments. Box 8963.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre and after care in Community Care Service, required initially in East Division, Tottenham, Good office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Position offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. Seven psychiatric social workers are at present engaged in the service, one of whom is already working in the East Division. PTA quals. & salary. Established, prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Full particulars & 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. S', 3, 5, & 7, Old Queen Street, SW1. by 28. June.

RETIRED qualified master required part-time (1 to 5) with experience in grammar school subjects. Apply Headmaster, Pardes House School, 181 West Heath Rd, NW3.

WARDEN'S Asst., Res., immediately Liverpool Hostel for Girls: applicant not over 25 yrs: £200 per annum plus full board. Apply Warden, Girls' Welfare Association, 33 Upper Duke St, Liverpool 1.

MATRON/Housekeeper required from August, domestic and catering responsibility for Residential College of 40 men students. Salary scale £315 by £15 to £450 plus full board-residence and superannuation: starting-salary according to qualifications and experience. Annual holidays — 6 weeks. Further particulars from Warden, Fircroft College, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

WORLD University Service requires Associate Secretary preferably recent graduate active in student life, for September, 1959. Free to travel in Gt. Britain, good speaker. Full details from General Secretary, 59, Gloucester Place, W 1.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts of Lecturer in Town and Contry Planning. Applicants must be graduates in Planning or in allied subject and be corporate members of the Town Planning Institute. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of the PSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme: initial salary according to qualifications and practical experience. Applications should be sent not later than 6 July to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (whole-time) reqd. for Brixton Child Guidance Unit to work with Medical Director and team of psychiatrists, Education Psychologists and Psychiatric Social Workers. Permanent and pensionable. Secretarial assistce provided. Whitley salary (£610 — £845 plus London Weighting) and condns. Applics. Forms from Medical Officer of Health (Ph/D. 1/1280) County Hall, SE1. rtnble by 1 July.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT — continued

DON'T LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS!
Fill their lives with the interest of a new job! We specialise in first posts for Teenagers, where backgrounds are seemly without being dull, happy without being riotous. Starting salaries at 18 for girls with good secretarial training are £8 to £9 per week.
THE ST. STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3, Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHAncery 6217.

CHILDREN'S Moral Welfare need exp. case worker. Hampstead St Pancras dist. Interesting vital work. Write stating qualifications. Bedford, 16 Heathgate, London, NW11.

ARTS Graduate (woman) required in North London area to assist editor of industrial house journal. Suitable vacancy for young woman with initiative, wide interests and preferably with some experience of magazine layouts, etc. Write to Box 9214.

PART-time Shorthand Typist. Hours to be arranged Phone BIS. 9343. East London Family Service Unit, 71, Vallance Road, E1.

THE University of Liverpool. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the following posts: (a) Research Worker to undertake research on Social aspects of adult education. Candidates must be graduates in Social Science or Philosophy. The salary scale is £700×£ 50-£ 850 per annum. (b) Staff Tutor in Science. The salary will be within the range £ 900 to £ 1,350 per annum, according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be recived not later than 27 June 1959 by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EDUCATIONAL Psychologist. LCC requires qualified man or woman at Stamford House Remand Home and Classifying Centre for Boys, Shepherds Bush W 12, to assist in the full Psychological testing of Boys in the Remand Home for the purpose of reports for Juvenile Courts and to be member of team observing and assessing boys committeed for approved school training. £1,010 — £1470 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Annual leave 4 weeks including Bank Holidays. Application forms from Childrens Officer, (Ch/WDO/1283) County Hall, London, SE1.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the above position. The successful applicant will be required to take up duty early in 1960 (not later than 1 February). Salary: £A1,550 — £2,050 p.a. General information and conditions of appointment are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 7 August, 1959.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

FLAT in Georgian house, pretty village, river. Everything provided. £5 weekly. Moller, Hoxne, Diss.

FURN. room 45s. Primrose Hill Rd. Prefyng woman willing baby-sit twice a week. Cooking facs, share bath & phone. Box 9140.

HAMPSTEAD best part, newly decorated well furnished 2nd floor flat with use of garden, TV, fridge, telephone, 2 rooms & large kitchen/ dinette. 9gns per week, min. 1 year. References required. HAMpstead 7229.

HAMPSTEAD: Share of professional woman's flat, four months from 1 July, four guineas. Phone HAM 1660 after 8.

COTTAGE nr Ivinghoe, Bucks. Living-room, twin-bedded room, kitchenette, bathroom, WC. Mains water, elec., small garden. Vacant 25 July. £4 weekly for long let Box 9199.

ACCOM. with partial board available. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

SUNNY furnished divan room, gas ring, share bathroom. 45s. MOU. 5918.

LARGE pleas. bed-sitt. in flat adj. E. Putney station to let business man, 3½gns plus meals by arrangement. Box 9226.

HAMPSTEAD. Nr. Heath, Tube. Bed-sitt. for girl for approx. 8 wks. Box 9236.

NR Oval: Prof. woman invited share quiet flat with 2 others. Roomy, all elec., c. h.w., phone. Exc. transport facs. 55s p.w. inclusive. Flat 2, 23 Southey Rd, SW9.

CAMBERWELL. Furn. single bedsit. & kit. in painter's house. 45s. ROD. 3314.

HAMPSTEAD: small furnished house free 18 July-12 September. Box 9279.

LADY reqs incxp. furn./unfurn. room/flatlet Hampstead. Pens. freedom. Box 9162.

COMF. 1ge newly-dec. div. b/sit. Own chg. fac., all amenities. TUD 2823.

EAST Finchley. B/sit.-room, all amenities, modern block. Particulars HOU. 9151.

CORNISH cottage, isolated bet. sea & farm, fur. 4 rms & bthrm. Calor, tel., poss. elec., deliveries. 1 yr min. £2 wk. Box 9275.

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11 JULY — 1 August. Attractive flat in private house, top floor, quiet Chelsea Square. Suit couple, £7 per week. Box 9310.

FURNISHED flatlet, single person, in Highgate Village Contemporary bedsit. rm; h.&c., kit frig, phone. 3 gns. Box 9300.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YNG. Writer reqs room, a/c flat London. Able teach guitar, Spanish. Box 9318.

BED-Sitting Room wanted pref. Private use or Flat. NW3, NW8, W1. Box 9321.

PROF. couple (Brit.) living abroad req in London small flatt or room (use kit., bathr.) for 1 month from middle Sept. Box 9116.

OPERA

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
COVENT GARDEN OPERA
22, 24 & 27 June at 7.30 Medea (in Italian)
23 & 26 June at 7.30 The Carmelites
25 June at 7.30 Last perf. of Samson

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
23-27 June
Evenings 7.30
THE HANDEL OPERA SOCIETY
23, 25, 27 June SEMELE
24, 26 June RODELINDA

CONCERTS

TWO invitation Pianoforte Recitals by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Mon. July 6, at 7 and Thurs. July 9 at 7 (Artists & Artist-Pupils). Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 32 Brunswick Gdns, W8. Stmpd addressed env. with all applics by post

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St & Su. 5 & 8. 'Ulysses in Nighttown'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th wk. 11th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d for mems., ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15, Mats. Thurs. 2.30. 'Orpheus Descending' by Tennesse Williams. Last two weeks.

TOWER. 7.30. 19, 20 (mems 21), 25, 26, 27 Jun.: 'Third Person'. — CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY Theatre, EUS. 5391. 'The Risen People' new play, Fr. St. Su. 7.45 Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Films by Jean Cocteau. Until 21 June: 'La Belle et la Bete' (A). From 22 June: 'Les Enfants Terribles' (X).

ROXY. BAY 2345. W. com. 21 June, Kirk Douglas, Silvana Magnani, 'Ulysses' (U). Edward G. Robinson, 'Destroyer' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, Today, Sat., 20 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

KAPLAN Gallery. Impressionist Paintings by Henri Martin. 6 Duke Street, St James's.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday. 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, W1 (GER. 3529) Circus Family & Sun Child: Francis Rose.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. African, Pre-Columbian, European Sculpture, Baroque and Mannerist Paintings.

ST George's Gallery. Laxman Pai — The Life of the Buddha — 12 colour prints. 7 Cork St, W1 REG. 3660. 10-6 wkdays, 10-1 Sats.

ARTS of China: exhibition on loan from the V. & A. Museum at Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., Rosebery Ave, EC1 from Tues. 23 June to Sat. July 4. Open 10—8 (Mon.—Fri) 10—5 Sat.) Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Francis Bacon — Paintings. Wols —Watercolours. To 4 July. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions — Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5. Saturdays 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Ayrton: New Works by Vieira Da Silva: and Paintings by Jawlensky. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 10 July.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. English & French Landscapes of the 19th & 20th Centuries. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.)

WADDINGTON Galleries. Elisabeth Frink — Sculpture and Drawings. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1 MAYfair 4419. Paintings and Sculptures. Jeram Patel. Roy Rasmussen and Eric Allen Taylor. Mary Brooks. 15 June-27 June. Weekdays 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & gouaches: Francis Bott. Until 27 June.

NUDES of Jean Straker — Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Summer Exhibition and Picture Lending Library — Yearly sub. 1 gn., as many paintings as you wish at 7s. 6d. p. month.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Adolph Gottlieb: Paintings 1944-1959. Until 4 July. Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8 Sun. 21 June, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'An Indian's View of The West': Kuppuswami.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS — continued

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H. Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL. 3351.

IWC London Branch. Fri 26 June, 8.30 p.m., 'Constitution of England & India. Symposium', Mr J. Burns, MA, LL.B, OBE, & Shri Sunder Kabadi. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Wed. 24 June, 6.30: 'Buddhism and the Buddha-Nature', R. Fussel (Tunbridge Wells). Also Saturday Group, 27 June 3 p.m.: discussion & tea — open to all. Read "The Middle Way" (3/- post free). Information TAT 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedante Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N.10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs. 25 June, 7.30, Conway Hall, Holborn: 'The Gita ideal of Work (Karma Yoga)'. Vedanta mag. 2s/6d.

ULT Day: Special Commemoration Meeting. Sunday, 21 June, 8 p.m. All welcome. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD 0688)

PUNISHMENT or Rehabilitation. Mrs Creech Jones, JP (Howard League), Leighton House, Kensington, Thurs., 25 June, 8 p.m.

S PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. Eve. 7 p.m. 21 June. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., 'Crossing the Atlantic'. Write for free copy 'Monthly Record'

SUMMERHILL Society. 26 June 7.45, Conway Hall The Free Family' lecture by Paul Ritter. Adm. 2s. 10 July 'Kilquhanity', lecture & film.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 27 June at 6 p.m. M. Jean Driant: Chansons Folkloriques.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns. W.11. PARK 7696. Fri 19 June, 8 p.m. Nathalie Vetchor (mezzo-soprano), acc. Nicolai Kedroff: Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Medtner. Fri. 26 June, 8 p.m. Bishop Anthony Bloom: 'St Serafim of Sarov'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove. Tues. 30 June, 8 p.m. Alexandra Wexler: 'Mayakovsky' (in Russian).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Literature: Poetry Reading. Kenneth Rexroth reading his poems and introducing a recording of an American Jazz and Poetry Concert, Thurs. 25 June, 8.15. Adm. 3s., members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Jelly Roll Morton: Survey by Bill Colyer, Wed. 24 June, 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d., members 1s. 6d.

THE Case of Dr Lopez — an historical mystery. The New Jewish Society, 36 Hallam St, W1. 8.30 p.m., Wed. 24 June.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Conversations. Private lessons. Expert tuition by native teachers. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. (Opp. Garrick Theatre.) TRA. 2044.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB). ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 79 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees. Diplomas; Law. Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH 91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14 PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TOUCH-typing Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967. days 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

HOLBORN College of Law, Languages and Commerce. Conversion Russian Course. A one-year Full-Time Course in Russian, primarily for school-leavers who intend to read Russian at a University, will commence on 14 September, 1959. No preliminary Knowledge of Russian required. Students will be Prepared for the G.C.E. 'A' level examination in Russian. Further information and application forms may be obtained from the Head of the Department of Modern Languages, Holborn College, Princeton Street, London, W.C.I.

EXPERT tuition in interpretion and technique of Pianoforte playing - Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd. London, W11.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

DURHAM Colleges Extra Mural Board Painting & Pine Art, Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle, 8-15 August. Painting Groups in Still Life, Portraiture, Landscape and Monotype. Lectures on the Collections. Full facilities in the Museum. Picture Galleries recently renovated. Cost £10. 10s. includes accommodation, tuition and basic materials. Bursaries available. Further details from Director, 32, Old Elvet, Durham.

SUMMER SCHOOLS — continued

CANFORD SUMMER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Wimborne, Dorset
9-23 August

Thirteen different courses of one week each, for instrumentalists, singers and dancers, are to be held at Canford School. Staff will include David Martin, Florence Hooton, Archie Camden, Jan Kerrison, Iris Loveridge, Paul Steinitz, Gavall, George Hurst, Dorothea Campey, Matyas Seiber, William Arnold Bentley, Herbert Price, John Llewellyn, Layton Ring and John Armstrong
Fees: 10 guineas per week.
Prospectus available from The Organising Secretary, Box 5, 20 Denmark Street, London, WC2.

STUDY School, 5-19 September, Bergneustadt, Taunus Mountains, West Germany. Discussions with German Socialists, visits to places of interest. Details: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

SCHOOLS

GLASTON TOR SCHOOL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Glastonbury, Somerset

This school has recently been acquired by an Educational Trust and has been re-organised to run as a non-profit making venture, its whole income being available for the education and welfare of the boys.

The Governors have appointed as Headmaster Mr. H. R. Watts, MA (Oxon.), formerly Head of the Junior School, The King's School, Rochester. In addition there are four Assistant Masters and a Junior Form Mistress.

It is the Governors' intention to increase the staff and raise the number of boys by about 30 to around 90 over the next few years. A limited number of boys, preferably aged 8 or 9, could be accepted for next term commencing 18 September.

The school is undenominational, religious observances follow Church of England usage.

Adjoining the school and encircled by its grounds is the renowned Chalice Well, whose waters are available for drinking and bathing. Fees for new entrants, per term, Boarders 85 gns., Day Boys £35.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School Oxford, 10 to University age 'small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: I. East.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship — Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38—40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWiss Cottage 3391.) Small group of weekly and full boarders accepted. Weekends and Summer holidays (with French children) at our country house in Chiltern Hills. E. Paul, Ph.D.

PERSONAL

THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR
WAR ON WANT

200,000 Algerian refugees are adrift in rocky sands. Mostly they are old people and children. Without enough food many will die. Tents exist for only 400 sick. The Sirocco is blowing. Rags are falling away leaving no coverage. Blankets are rare. In the name of pity please send us help. Not one penny is deducted for expenses. Every penny goes direct. Please send your gift, large or small, to The Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, MP, 9 Madeley Road, Ealing, W5.

DYING CHILDREN PLEAD FOR HELP

OXFORD University party to Venice fully inclusive 15 days £31 10s. Still a few vacancies. Write details Box 9096.

CAMBRIDGE Party to Yugoslavia 15 days fully inclusive £32 10s. Water skiing, under-water fishing. Box 9097.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

ARTISTS: Fall in with your contingent in March for Life 28 June.

TRAINED nursery nurse travel. N. York autumn aks duties for passage. Box 9299.

POTTERS. Small estab. pottery for sale. Attract studio with showrm. ar centre of London. Two kilns and all other equip. suitable for anyone developing own range. R. & R. £238 p.a. Price £750. Write Box 9139.

PERSONAL — continued

A DISTURBED 16-year-old Girl needs a home in or near South Bucks where her problems can be sympathetically and firmly handled. Please apply to: Children's Officer, Central Hall, 258 High Street, Slough. Phone Slough 25111..

YOUNG man seeks lift to, or touring in, Yugoslavia. Share expenses. Box 9131.

OCCASIONALLY someone thinks of a good idea and everyone comments how simple and obvious, why didn't I . . . etc. Advertiser (no capital) has such an idea for children's books and seeks contact with well connected firm or individual to develop it. Perfidious pinchers of ideas and greedy guts indisposed to extend fair share of interest (both types already experienced) requested not to reply. Box 9165.

GERMAN girl, aged 15 wishes to stay 'au pair with English family for 4 weeks July - August. Box 9163.

A NEW beginning in politics, a new policy. Write Box 9098 s.a.e.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Committee Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books — Box 8524.

FOREIGN girls domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. & offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/16 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

GERMAN, all levels, classes & private lessons. Ashley College, GER. 8782.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dep E/191, Palace Gate, London, W8.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

VISAPHONE for Foreign Languages: 9 LP records & 2 bks in case. French & German, 8 gns. Interpret for Foreign Holidays: 3 LP records & 2 bks. French, Spanish, Italian and German. £3 10s. Free trial, post free. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone NS) 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS 7223.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept 104. TV Writing School, 7 Harley St. London W1.

HOLIDAY Help. Foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. AC Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

JULY HOLIDAYS

You can still be included in some of our July parties to Austria (Kitzbuehel or Rietz in the Tyrol or Maria Woerth on the warmest Carinthian lake), Laigueglia (Italian Riviera), Grado or Cattolica (Adriatic), Llafranch (Costa Brava) or Lenk in the Bernese overland. Costs from £27. 15s. Details of these and other inexpensive holiday arrangements throughout the season from:

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE, 47(NS)
Old Brompton Road, London, SW7.
KEN. 8881-4.

LAKE Balaton — Hungary's inland sea. Enjoy the holiday of a lifetime at a cost you can afford — 14 days by rail 33 gns, or 16 days by air (BEA or KLM to Vienna) 54 gns only. Week-end departures — no high season charges. Send for details NOW to CONTOURS Ltd, 72 Newman St. LONDON, W1. Tel. MUSeum 8499.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holiday'. Protravel (NS), 14 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo, £56 10s. Singapore £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd., 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, Flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

WHERE TO STAY

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

SNOWDONIA. Guests welcomed at 17th. century farm house, mod cons. Box 9192

SOUTH Coast. Lady, informal type, offers double room with breakfast. Box 9056.

A FEW immediate vacancies in 'Britain's Best Climate' & till 18 July. Also top flr rms for 'Under 40's'. From 7 gns. incl. Simple vegtn fare if desired. Write for specimen menus & illus. brochures, or 'phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst, Seafront, St Leonards, Sussex. Our hotel is 98 paces from beach. Free use beach hut.

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